

St. Peter's Church

in the

City of Albany



Commemoration

of the

Two Hundredth Anniversary

November, A. D., 1916

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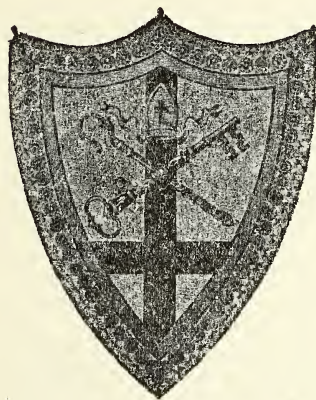


ST. PETER'S CHURCH—1916
(Corner stone laid June 29th, 1859)

St. Peter's Church

in the

City of Albany



Commemoration

of its

Two Hundredth Anniversary

November, A. D., 1916



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*The Rector
Churchwardens and Vestrymen
of the
Parish of St. Peter's, in the City of Albany, New York
invite you to be present
on Saturday, November, the, twenty-fifth,
Anno Domini; One thousand nine hundred, and sixteen
at half, after, ten, o'clock,
at the, celebration, of the
Two Hundredth Anniversary, of
The First Service held, in St. Peter's Church
and, at the, other, services and, ceremonies
during, the, week, beginning Sunday, November, the, nineteenth
and, ending, with Sunday, November, the, twenty-sixth*



THE FIRST ST. PETER'S CHURCH—1715-1802

Events of the Commemoration

- 1916 -

Sunday, November 19th

8.00 A. M. Corporate Communion of the Parish Organizations.

11.00 A. M. Corporate Communion of the Parish and Historical Sermon by the Rev. Walton W. Battershall, D. D., *Rector Emeritus of St. Peter's Church and Archdeacon of Albany.*

4.00 P. M. Choral Evensong and Sermon by the Rt. Rev. Richard H. Nelson, D.D., *Bishop of Albany.*

Monday, November 20th

8.30 P. M. Reception at the Albany Institute and Historical and Art Society for the Clergy and People of Albany and the Clerical and Lay Deputies to the Diocesan Convention.

Tuesday, November 21st

10.30 A. M. The Opening Service of the Forty-eighth Annual Convention of the Diocese of Albany in St. Peter's Church and the Convention Sermon by the Bishop of Albany.

Thursday, November 23d

7.00 P. M. Bicentennial Dinner at the Hotel Ten Eyck.

Friday, November 24th

Musical service in St. Peter's Church. Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, rendered by St. Peter's Choir.

Saturday, November 25th

11.00 A. M. The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the First Service held in St. Peter's Church. Holy Communion and Sermon by the Rev. William T. Manning, D. D., *Rector of Trinity Parish, New York City.*

Luncheon for the Clergy at the Hotel Hampton.

Sunday, November 26th

8.00 A. M. Holy Communion.

11.00 A. M. Morning Prayer and Sermon by the Rector, the Rev. Charles C. Harriman.

4.00 P. M. Choral Evensong.

St. Peter's Parish

Clergy and Staff

THE RECTOR

THE REV. CHARLES C. HARRIMAN

THE RECTOR EMERITUS

THE VEN. WALTON W. BATTERSHALL, D. D.

THE CURATE

THE REV. TAGE TEISEN

ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER

FRANK SILL ROGERS, Mus. D.

PARISH SECRETARY

GEORGE P. HOFF

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in Communion of the Protestant Episcopal
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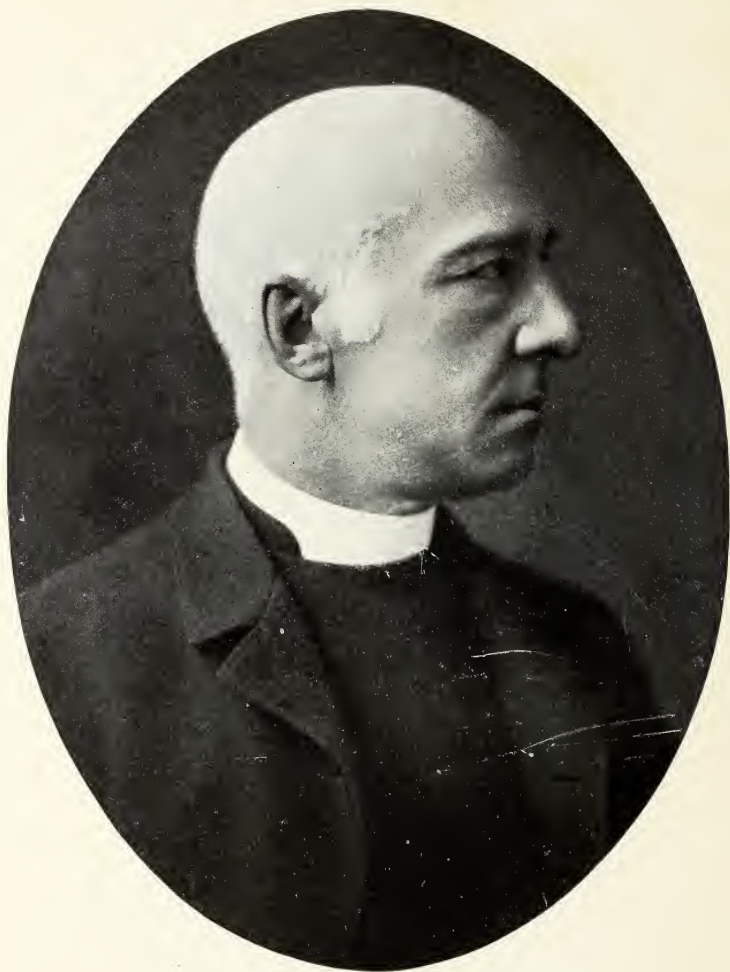
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THE VEN. WALTON W. BATTERSHALL, D. D.
Rector—1875-1912
Rector Emeritus since 1912

An Historic Parish

Sermon preached in St. Peter's Church, in the City of Albany, Sunday, November 19th, 1916. the opening day of the Bicentennial Commemoration,

BY THE

Rev. WALTON W. BATTERSHALL, D. D.

*Rector Emeritus of St. Peter's Church
and Archdeacon of Albany*

O, go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; for the Lord is gracious, His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth from generation to generation.—*From the One Hundredth Psalm, entitled "Jubilate Deo."*

The most significant and enduring memorials of a nation's life are the structures that register its faiths and ideals.

An institution representing any phase of civilized life that has had two centuries of history is an ancient and monumental thing in this new world of the West.

These two facts determine and interpret our commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the first divine service, held on the 25th day of November, 1716, in the little stone church built in the shadow of the English fort in Albany. It took the name of St. Peter's Church and was the first permanent foothold of the faith and ritual of the Church of England west of the Hudson River.

The old Hebrew temple-song, from which I have taken my text, strikes the keynote of our commemoration. Its trumpet-like, eternal words give the moral perspective of the scenes and figures that I shall sketch this morning. It is a work of love, undertaken in obedience to a command, in which I recognize the voice of a love that was born over forty years ago.

I shall touch with rapid stroke only a few salient points, points that have a large reference and are yet distinctive in the history of St. Peter's Church in the city of Albany, a church ancient and venerable, according to the measurements of our American life, where nothing is old except human nature and the insistent problems of the soul and the world.

The beginnings of things are seldom imposing. The real and ultimate value of men and events is usually undiscovered in the day when the men lived and the events occurred. This is true not only of the slow tread, but of the swift drives of the world's march.

The songs of the church and the songs of a people hold meanings that come not only in crises of our personal life or national tragedies like those enacted on the colossal battlefronts of Europe, where the empires of the old world, the ancient seats of Christendom, with unparalleled ravage and slaughter and exhaustion of vital and economic force, are recreating themselves into a new world.

But the historic manias and catastrophies that have crucified humanity are unnecessary for the evoking of heroes and the fashioning of sacrificial men and women. Religion of every type, in every age, has put human life against a measureless background, on which in normal, constructive ways, men of today, like the men of yesterday, prove their heroic quality and work out their histories of interwoven mistake and achievement.

Among the mistakes that became achievements is that of the intrepid English sailor, Henry Hudson, who, under commission of the Dutch East India Company, sailed his little ship, "The Half Moon," up the stream that today bears his name, and dropped anchor a few miles below the present site of Albany. His dream was the old-world dream of finding a western ocean-path to China. It is only in our own day that the dream has been verified in that adventurous gateway at Panama, through which at last, on the equatorial belt of the earth, the two great ocean highways interflow. History in its own fashion translates its dreams into facts.

Henry Hudson's exploration gave the beautiful river and

its outlying country to Holland, whose sturdy racial imprint still lingers on the banks of the Mohawk and Hudson, and the vast commercial metropolis at the seagate.

When England, on an old, uncertain claim, in 1664 seized the Dutch settlement on the spacious harbor, which is now, as then, the keyhole of the continent (it was a bloodless seizure, a case of unpreparedness), the little trading post on the upper Hudson took the name of Albany from the Scotch title of the Duke of York, the new lord of the province. The Dutch and English, who made up the scant population, quietly accepted the event, and lived in the amity of an ancient friendship, based upon kindred religious and political ideas, in defense of which they had fought, shoulder to shoulder, on memorable battlefields.

Primitive Albany was a commercial venture, protected by a fortress on the edge of civilization.

For fifty years after the day on which the flag of England was unfurled over Fort Frederick, the garrison and English families within the stockade found gracious hospitality in the old Dutch Church at the foot of Jonker Street (now State Street), and also in the Lutheran Church on the south of Jonker Street. At hours on Sunday when these two churches were not used by their specific congregations, and sometimes for long periods when they had no pastor, their doors were open to clergymen whom the Church of England sent across the Atlantic for frontier work in the province.

Meantime the English percentage of the population was rapidly overbalancing the Dutch. Evidently there was need of an English house of worship in Albany.

**First Chaplain
in 1708** This was the conclusion of the Rev. Thomas Barclay, who was commissioned chaplain of

the fort in 1708 and the year after was appointed by the Church of England "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," missionary to the Mohawks.

He was a Scotchman of fervent zeal, untiring toil, kindness and common sense. In the published "History of St. Peter's Church" you will find a long letter in which he renders to "the Venerable Society" an account of his

work in Albany and among the Indians in the Mohawk country. It gives an intimate, graphic picture of the time and the man.

In the church annals of Albany Thomas Barclay is an historic figure, worthy to stand beside the large-hearted Dutch Dominie Megapolensis, who, half a century before the period of Barclay, consoled Peter Stuyvesant at the capitulation of Fort Amsterdam and in Rensselaerwyck, the Dutch settlement up the river, gave cheer and rescue to the heroic Jesuit priest, Père Joques, who had escaped from the Mohawks with their torture marks on his body.

These three names, Barclay, Megapolensis and Père Joques, represent the type of man and the sense of brotherhood in Christ that were demanded and were created in the church work of their period. The church work of today has the same need and the same creative power.

My reference to Barclay's letter, cited in the history of St. Peter's Church, opens to me an opportunity to make an acknowledgment that is due to the historian of St. Peter's. In your behalf and my own, I here express my deep appreciation and gratitude to the Rev. Joseph Hooper, now broken by laborious years of study and priestly service, who has told the story of St. Peter's with a precision and picturesqueness of detail that make of it a book of unusual interest and of a distinctive literary value in the historiography of the American church. Full as much material as that incorporated in the history remains in manuscript in the chest of St. Peter's archives.

Building of the
First St. Peter's

Thomas Barclay built and was the first rector of the church whose founding we commemorate. At his request, in 1714, Governor Robert Hunter issued letters patent granting for an English church and cemetery a plot of ground in Jonkers Street below the hill crowned by Fort Frederick, whose northeast bastion stood on the site of the tower of the edifice before whose altar we worship this morning.

The incidents of the building of the first St. Peter's give us a curious glimpse of the period and the men who were shaping its events. Holland blood and English blood had a trait in common. Each was quick to fight for its point

of view—a trait that foreshadowed subsequent events in the history of the Colonies.

Against the Governor's patent the Common Council of Albany made protest on the score, not of divergent theologies, but of municipal rights. It issued notice to the workmen to suspend the laying of the foundation of the new church. It threatened arrest. It petitioned the Governor, to whom a messenger was sent by express in a canoe to New York, a journey in those days of such magnitude that the church was well under way by the time the return voyage was accomplished. The Governor was obdurate and the work went on.

At last the little stone church, 42 by 58 feet, was completed and the indefatigable missionary had the joy of reciting at the altar he had built the ancient prayers and creed of the prayer book of the Church of England.

This event, which we commemorate this week, solved a problem which had arisen in the mind and conscience of the Governor of the province. Permit me a word regarding this problem. Its echo lingers in the air of today.

Queen's Anne's
Communion
Set

In 1712, four years before the building of the first English church in Albany, Queen Anne had sent to Governor Hunter two sets of communion vessels. Each set comprised six pieces of massive silver, engraved with the royal arms and an inscription. One set of the sacred vessels was designated to her Indian chapel of the Mohawks. This was promptly delivered to the chapel that had been built for the tribe at Fort Hunter, near the junction of the Mohawk River and Schoharie Creek. St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, may fairly be considered the descendant and the present day memorial of this Mohawk chapel.

The other Queen Anne communion set bore this inscription: "The Gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of Her Plantations in North America, Queen, to her Indian Chapel of the Onondawgus." This chapel was projected but never built. How should the Governor, the provincial representative of the Queen, fulfill her pious intention except in the way he did?

When St. Peter's Church was built in the frontier town of the province, the radiating point of the evangelization of the Iroquois tribes, he consigned to the custody of that church the communion plate, which the queen had designated to the unbuilt chapel of the Onondawgus.

This official act of Governor Hunter was confirmed by Sir Henry Moore, Governor of the province in 1768, and also has been confirmed by two centuries of faithful guardianship of the sacred vessels by St. Peter's Church and reverent use on its altar.

This historic incident, which is in evidence today, brings out in strong relief a distinctive feature of the ministry of Thomas Barclay and of the early rectors of St. Peter's, to whom the Bishop of London committed his work when, worn out with zeal and hardship, he died, as a lone sentinel dies on an advanced battle line.

Fully as important as their ministry to the garrison and the English population of Albany was the mission they accomplished in bringing the faith and morals of Christ to the Five Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy.

It is pertinent on this occasion that I should call your attention for a moment to a critical page in our American history. The fact stands out that it was the political sagacity of the burghers of Albany and the missionary labors of its Christian pastors that won the fealty of the Iroquois, that riveted the "covenant chains," in the poetic Indian phrase, by which the tribes of the great confederacy became the allies of the English in their long-drawn fight with the French for the sovereignty of the continent.

We cannot read aright the early history of Albany except we recognize the eventful racial and political issue, which at that epoch hung in a quivering balance, into the scales of which the sword of England and the sword of France were flung.

Just now it is well to recall that, almost two hundred years ago, this frontier town of the old province of New York was the outpost, the acute point of a crisis that involved issues as momentous as those at stake in the European crisis of today.

In a real and practical way the confederacy of the Iro-

quois was of tremendous count in the events that worked out the decision of the historic duel, whose prize was the continent. It knit together the fierce tribes of a virile race, which in its first contact with civilization appropriated its vices, a race creeping toward the setting sun; but those warrior tribes held the forest trails between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. Then, as ever and as now, religion was a force in the communal life of men, in war as in peace.

At the time it was open question whether the Anglican or the Latin type of Christianity should have the training and secure the allegiance of the Indians.

The work of the English missionaries among the Mohawks and the confederated tribes, the judicious hospitality of the Dutch and English pioneers gathered within the wooden stockade of ancient Albany, the rendezvous, the trading post, the covenant house of the Indians, these were important factors in shaping the event which was concluded on the Heights of Abraham, where the heroic Wolfe was slain at the moment of the victory that gave America, north of the Spanish settlements, to England.

Through all the early chapters of the history of St. Peter's Church we catch echoes of the successive campaigns of the French and English War.

In the rectorship of Henry Barclay, the third rector and son of the first (he afterwards became rector of Trinity Church, New York), the French Indians made the Mohawk Valley a scene of ravage and massacre. All the country around Albany and the headwaters of the Hudson was terrorized. It was the first act of the historic drama.

During the rectorship of John Ogilvie in 1754, another echo is registered in the sermon that was preached in St. Peter's before the congress of commissioners, which represented six of the most prominent colonies. The congress met in Albany in the old City Hall on Broadway. Its initial purpose was to renew the "covenant chain" which bound the Iroquois in fealty to the English. It was a significant event in our colonial history, a prophetic note of that eventful congress, which assembled in Philadelphia in 1776.

A tragic echo left its trace in the "Church Book" of St. Peter's which registers under the date September 5,

1758, the expenses of the burial of Lord Howe, who was killed in the march on the fortress of Ticonderoga. His body was brought to Albany by young Philip Schuyler, and lies beneath the vestibule of the present St. Peter's.

When the war that welded the provinces into a nation broke out, Harry Monroe was rector of St. Peter's. It brought a crisis, a clash of convictions, held with conscience and honor by both pastor and people. In those troublous days there is an incident which is significant. The bell of the first St. Peter's which, from the tower of the present edifice on New Year's eve at midnight spells out, in its high-pitched voice, the numerals of the New Year, was the first bell in Albany that announced the passage of the Declaration of Independence.

It is sometimes said that the Church of England is an institution that was born from and represents simply a phase in the political history of England.

This evidently was not the opinion of the influential churchmen of Albany, who pledged their fortunes and lives in the momentous revolt that gave birth to the great republic which thus far, at least, has furnished the world a proof that justice and freedom and organized life can be duly enacted and enforced by the sovereignty of the people.

Among those churchmen was General Philip Schuyler, who, in the long-drawn fight that made us a nation, was the war chief of the province of New York, who in fact was the architect and the hero of one of the battles that have been turning points in the world's political history.

This capital city of the Empire State was at last awakened to the fact that the chief glory of a city is the heroic men it has bred, and has fitly erected a monument in the Capitol Park to one of its sons, a brilliant soldier of the Civil War. May the time come when it shall go further back in the perspectives of its history and, for the honor of its name and the inspiration of its youth, enthrone the statue of one of its foremost citizens and historic heroes, General Philip Schuyler.

In St. Peter's burial lot in the Albany Rural Cemetery there is a tombstone which bears this inscription: "Here lies interred the remains of the Rev. Thomas Ellison,

A. M., of Queen's College, Oxford, one of the Regents of the University of this State and for fifteen years rector of St. Peter's Church in this city, who departed this life 26th April, 1802. Erected as a tribute of respect by his friend, P. S. V. Rensselaer."

Ellison, four months before his death, signed the contract for the building of the second St. Peter's Church. It was built on the site of the present church and was a dignified specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the period. It must be said, however, that neither the fashion of life nor the fashion of architecture in the Georgian period can be called inspiring.

But let me speak of days within my memory and yours. St. Peter's has given three bishops to the American church, men of strong personal accent, trained faculty, moral and intellectual power, dedicated to the work of the church. Horatio Potter, William Croswell Doane and Cameron Mann. Bishop Potter and Bishop Doane were rectors of St. Peter's. Bishop Mann was curate of St. Peter's in the early years of my rectorship and is now the Bishop of Southern Florida. The names of its three bishops enrich the history of this parish. Their personal friendship has enriched my life.

Henry Hudson was great by reason of the courage and dedication he put into his dreams. This is true of the rectors of St. Peter's Church through its two hundred years of history. In every case the limitations of the man, his period, his range of vision, fashioned his dream. But with high intent, in a manly fashion, he worked out his dream, which was at least three-quarters true. They have bequeathed to us this ancient parish and this majestic house of God.

This is the inheritance that comes to you today; a parish with a history, the record of a corporate life, which has included events and personalities that figured largely in their day, a church whose noble, devout architecture makes it notable among the churches of the land. It is what a church should be, an education and a prayer.

Reproductions of the art and the emotion of remote ages are usually feeble, formal and pretentious. But if the art

be honest, if the emotions that inspire the art be elemental to our human nature, if they express the struggle, the faith, the aspiration of the soul in man, they are eternally true, and they find a voice in noble forms of art and architecture.

This house of God is proof of this. It is an honest interpretation and embodiment of this. Do you not feel it as you cross its threshold? I recall a Sunday of my boyhood when by chance I attended an evensong in St. Peter's, and the spirit of the worship, wrought into the edifice, cast its spell upon me.

I do not wonder that you have built into its walls the memorials of your loves and loyalties. The sacred fabric that holds the altar of Christ in all ages has been the place for the sacred things of the heart and hearthstone.

This church to you and to me is a House of Memories. Honored names, strong and gracious presences, throng upon me as I speak to you this morning.

But this church stands for something more than this. It is not an ancient monument on a shore from which the vital tide has ebbed. It stands on the great thoroughfare of the Albany of today.

This parish of St. Peter's, like all living things, has renewed itself under the leadership of a man who inspires trust and affection. May God be with him in his devoted, intelligent work of adjusting this ancient parish to modern days.

Five months ago there was granted to it a munificent proof of the loyalty and love that have grown about this altar. It was a large gift, with a large and deliberate intention. It illustrates a significant trait of the day in which we live. More than that, it illustrates a devout and practical man's estimate of the meaning and the value of St. Peter's Church in the City of Albany; his recognition of the persistent, practical work of its organizations for the training of youth and the relief of those who are crippled in the struggle of life.

St. Peter's Parish of today is a product of and a force in the energetic and complicated life of today; life in the conditions and opportunities of this Republic, the great experiment whose fortunes we hold in trust.

It is a liberated life, free and strong and creative. It has its freedoms, triumphs and despotisms. It drops off into abysses as deep as those of the social structures of old times.

Here and now, as always, the weak and the untrained go under. The divine Christ, Whom we worship, came to rescue these. His church from the very first has sought out and cared for these. By virtue of this it has wrought out the commission of its Master and, among the strong, assertive forces of the world, has won reverence and dominion.

Never was there a period or a situation where the church of Christ had such a mission as in our American life, in this year of Christ.

It is a year of tragedy, the most colossal tragedy in history; a year in which men are rediscovering their souls, the faiths and consecrations that give meaning to life. The soul of man is revealing itself today in heroic dedications. All life that is worth living is sacrificial. It gives itself and thus it fulfills itself. Death on the battle front, where God puts a man, this is the law of Christ and the law of life. May the men and women of St. Peter's Church hold themselves to the law of the sacrificial Christ.

Choral Evensong
Sunday, November 19th
Commemorative Address

BY

Rt. Rev. RICHARD H. NELSON, D. D.

Bishop of Albany

And they shall be My people and I will be their God.—
Ezekiel, xi, 20.

There is set before us today a picture in a frame. The frame, as I see it, is the setting of St. Peter's Parish in the civic and the social life of Albany; the picture shows the people of this church in their relation to God and to the divine purpose of life.

Back of the two hundred years last past, back through the dark and enlightened ages, back to the beginning of Christianity, we find the central verities of religion set in contemporary circumstance whereon the artist Time has traced symbols of a secular character. The life that the church has lived in the flesh has a deep human interest, and there could be no adequate treatment of this bicentenary if some competent person were not to speak of those outer events through which St. Peter's Church has accomplished its voyage, as well as of the public services rendered by those who have worshipped within its walls. During this week we shall examine the picture frame with reverent interest, admiring the classic beauty of its design, and not failing to note those dusty stains which tell us that they who counted this their home in past days were men of like passions with us in whom good was not unmixed with evil.

It does not fall to me to portray this outward relation of St. Peter's to the life of the community, nor shall I venture to speak of the buildings which have framed the life of so many congregations.



RT. REV. RICHARD H. NELSON, D. D.
Bishop of Albany

The picture which I would hold before you represents the inner life of those who came here to seek from God guidance, truth, mercy, and grace to help in time of need. "They shall be My people and I will be their God."

Let me speak to you of that which has enabled St. Peter's Church to live through two hundred years and which enables it to face the future with enthusiastic faith.

Religion consists fundamentally in this, that we are conscious of relation to God. He is our Father; we are His children, who "feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us. For in Him, we live and more and have our being." In all our weakness, despite our lack of faith, notwithstanding our absorption in the pleasures and ambitions of the world, there sounds in the sanctuary of our consciousness a voice of small stillness which claims us as children of the eternally Holy One. For this the church building stands surrounded by other structures which proclaim as their purpose the temporary housing of God's people while they journey to their final home.

Through the two hundred years which we recall today, St. Peter's Church has meant to others what it means to you who worship within its walls today. It is the House of God to which they of past ages came with aspirations and infirmities, with joys and sorrows like your own.

The church stands for a truth, which is set forth in that epitome of God's life in man, and man's life in God which we call the creed. Our God is with us through all human experience and His presence is our glory and our help. This truth, whether fully realized or dimly felt, underlies all else that may be said concerning St. Peter's Church and accounts for its survival through the years wherein ten generations have sought and found a God Who counts nothing human as alien from Himself.

I speak, therefore, of those intimate personal needs which our forbears, in their hungering humanity, sought from God, and of that which God, in His incarnate sympathy, did for them in the secret of their hearts. They came here as those who say "Show Thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto Thee." Before them a

wide gate stood open and a broad path invited them to walk in worldly ways. The longing for ease and enjoyment was keen and insistent. The desire for riches and fame was strong. Temptations to self indulgence were powerful and public opinion did not always rebuke or disown those who followed after evil. There were sinners in the early days, even as there were saints. Who but God Himself can know how many young minds, bewildered by a consciousness of antagonism between the enticements of the world and the inner voice of duty, directed their steps to the doors of God's house and thought on their knees of One Who, seeing "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," turned from this to a higher vision of purity and truth, of helpfulness and love, seeing, beyond the shadows, of self-sacrifice, the glories of the risen life? Some of those whom we remember here today rose to great heights of public honor, rendered true service to their city and their country, were high examples of domestic and civic virtue, and found it in their hearts to heed the cry of the poor. Are we justified in assuming that their virtues were attained without struggle against temptations, or that they who rose to heights never were tempted to descend into depths? Is it not more consonant with our knowledge of human nature to believe that the very best men and women of past days may have found here a parting of the ways and with it grace to choose the better? May we not believe that, underneath a decorous conformity to respectable habits of church-going, there ran a life-long struggle to resist the flesh and to follow the promptings of the spirit? May we not think of them as seeking help from God to live those lives which made them honorable and worthy to be remembered?

Highly educated, thoughtful men and women have worshipped God in this place, even as they worship Him here today. Such persons demand a philosophy of life, a theory of things, and it requires but little play of the imagination to picture some such minds as entering here upon

"That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened."

Let us picture to ourselves some one sitting here in the olden days and thinking along such lines as this: It cannot be other than a reasonable world; else were reason but a process toward insanity. There must be some adequate explanation of the hardship and the pain of life, and it is not to be found within the narrow bounds of measurable things. Nature is as merciless as fate. But what if I, who reason about these things, shall find that, moving bravely through darkness as well as light, through sorrow as well as joy, through pain as well as ease, I grow toward a better self, and acquire a truer sense of sympathetic relation to my fellow men? What if this shall prove to be the purpose of all life? Not merely to own and to enjoy things, but to be trained and disciplined until I shall become that which I should gladly be for ever?

Thus musing in the church, there comes the thought of One who entering into human life became perfect through the things that He suffered. Not for Himself alone, but that others in the School of this world's life might find purpose and inspiration in their tasks, together with the comfort of companionship. "The Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest." The purpose of life is not discovered in its circumstance, but in its achievement, and "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

It was along this line that one whose experiences are described in a recent work of English fiction found a solution of life's problem as it came to him in war time, and was enabled to "see it through." St. Peter's Church has stood through all the wars which our country has waged, and through two centuries of strife in human souls.

When we consider the number of those who, with the Captain of their Salvation, have approached perfection through the things that they have suffered, may not we on whose hearts the burden of a world war presses, find greater faith in humanity as we see it pass through the furnace of affliction and come forth with the splendor of refined gold?

Down the long river of years come the pilgrims who seek forgiveness in the House of God. Many of those who have worshipped here were drawn by the thought that the

throne of God is also His Mercy seat. They had been taught to know Him as one who was willing to be "numbered with the transgressors," "to be guest with a man that is a sinner" and who came "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." Of those who fall, He says, as well as of those who stand, "They shall be My people and I will be their God." God's mercy to the penitent has been proclaimed in this Church through all the years of its history and has brought a gospel of life to many who sought release from the prison chains of sin.

Thus far I have touched upon such matters only as are of an intimate and personal nature, but I do not forget that association with others is helpful in religion as well as in other affairs of our life.

It belongs to the historian to trace the growth of the many guilds and societies which represent the varied activities of this Parish. I wish merely to point out how such organizations promote friendship in the family of God, and so contribute indirectly to the growth of personal religion. Cordial relations between those who work together in the church help them to realize their membership, one with another, when they come here for prayer or praise, and most of all, when they come to partake of that Sacred Feast which is "a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves." Through all the years of which we think today, association in helpful service must have fostered the spirit of true devotion before the Altar of God where the friendships of today are joined to a larger fellowship in the Communion of Saints.

It is good for us to be here, and to consider for a while how others like us have used this House of God, so that from the retrospect we may return to our duties in the church and in the world, resolved to consecrate ourselves to high ideals, to move upward through hard things of life to seek God's pardon for our faults and to work together as we pray together for the advance of Christ's Kingdom in the world.



THE SECOND ST. PETER'S CHURCH—1802-1859

The Reception of Monday Evening

The Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Peter's Church tendered a Reception on Monday evening, November 20th, at the Albany Institute and Historical and Art Society, to the members of this and other parishes, to the Delegates to the Diocesan Convention and citizens of Albany.

The formal reception was followed by brief addresses. Justice William P. Rudd, of St. Peter's Vestry, presided, introducing the speakers.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen—In behalf of those who have official responsibility in connection with the Parish of St. Peter's, I have been asked to extend a greeting to you and a welcome at this phase of the celebration of the second centenary of that parish.

It is an interesting episode in the history of the life of the city, and it was so beautifully presented in the picture which was drawn yesterday from the pulpit of St. Peter's by our dear Rector Emeritus that, of course, I can not add a word, and I hardly think anyone could. There are, however, phases of the celebration which appeal to us particularly, and we are especially gratified that those not connected with our parish, people who stand for the Church in other organizations, join with the people of St. Peter's in a word of congratulation after the second centenary of St. Peter's life has passed. We have with us tonight a distinguished group of men who lead in the spiritual life of different churches, and in other relations in our city, and they are expected to say a word to you from their viewpoint, looking, I hope, towards St. Peter's, and thinking of St. Peter's.

The first of those who will speak is the man who stands responsible for the work of this church in this diocese. He needs no introduction to this audience, and I have the pleasure of presenting the Bishop. (Applause.)

Rt. Rev. RICHARD H. NELSON: I have a feeling that I have been in training for this bicentenary all the years of my public ministry. I was looking over the facts in the case the other day, and discovered that I had been in holy orders for twenty-one years when I came to Albany, and that eighteen of those years had been passed in parishes which have histories. The youngest of them all was St. Peter's Church in Philadelphia, which was established in 1760. Two other parishes in which I served were considerably older than that.

As I walked up to this meeting I tried to recall some incident which should illustrate what I have in mind on this general subject. I remember that one day the Reverend Dr. Henry R. Percival, who at the time was a man somewhat over sixty, came into old St. Peter's Church with a smile on his face and led me around the corner into one of the slips, as they were called to distinguish them from the square pews. He showed me initials which had been cut on the back of the slip, indicating a boy's work, and said his grandfather did that when he was a little boy. (Laughter.)

I refer to this incident in order to show you that the interest which I feel in this bicentenary is not merely official, and it certainly is not assumed for the occasion. I have been in training to enter with the fullest and the most appreciative sympathy into the feelings of all those who are associated with St. Peter's Church, and I should like to say also that I am coming more and more to regard the accumulation of sacred associations in a community as one of the very valuable assets in its life.

There is so much in our present day mode of thought that tends to make us skim lightly over things, that it is worth while to have something that carries us back into the past, and makes us think about the things which are capable of enduring for two hundred years.

I give my very hearty congratulations to the Rectors of St. Peter's Church, to all the members of the Congregation, and to the City of Albany—perhaps I may say to the Diocese of Albany also. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: At a dinner two or three years ago given by those interested in the First Presbyterian Church of this city I was introduced by the toastmaster of the occasion—he happens to be here this evening—as one who lived in the shadow of the First Presbyterian Church. (Laughter.) Of course, the answer to that was that the First Presbyterian Church casts no shadow. It has, on the other hand, thrown a light into this community for many, many years. It came into our city life in 1761. It has constantly grown in grace, and today, under the pastorate of Dr. Hopkins, it has, in its mature and ripened age, strengthened and developed markedly. This virile growth is a subject of favorable comment in the city, and it is particularly gratifying tonight that we have with us the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, the Reverend Dr. Hopkins. (Applause.)

THE REV. DR. WM. HERMAN HOPKINS: The First Presbyterian Church, Mr. Chairman and friends, suffers tonight from the embarrassment of youth. It was only a few years ago that we were talking very bravely of our hundred and fifty years. They did not seem quite empty to us, and we came to the end of them, as we thought, with eye undimmed and with natural force unabated. But now we are looking up to St. Peter's, half a century older than we, and we feel so very young that we think we should be seen and not heard (Laughter), and should "behave mannerly at table, at least so far as we are able." (Laughter.)

But it is altogether mannerly in us, "at least so far as we are able," to felicitate you on the goal of these two hundred years,—the race so well run and so well won. They are years which speak of permanent things. And there is so much that is shifting in the life we live, so much that is shaken not to be rebuilt, that it is reassuring to find that which abides.

We are alert, as we trust, all of us, to new occasions, and to new and necessary emphasis, methods and instruments. But, frankly, we are of those who "always reverence a gray-headed truth," and it is good, therefore, to recall at the end of two hundred years, that there are some things

that do not change. The wheat grows as it used to grow, though reapers and binders are new. The stars shine as they used to shine, though lenses are stronger. And while in our present Christian vocabularies and ventures there may be a good deal of which our forefathers were ignorant, there remains "the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation," that Gospel which Thomas Barclay, standing (may we say?) in the middle of the street, preached in 1716. We felicitate St. Peter's that through two hundred years she has "kept the faith once delivered to the saints."

But we congratulate her even more that only a beginning has been made. When a rural native was asked by a city traveller whether he had lived in that village all his life, he answered, "Well, not yet." (Laughter.) The more inspiring thought of these great anniversary days of yours will be, not of the years that have been, but of the years that are to be—years whose opportunities you, with your historic background, your strategic location, your choicer architecture, your far-famed song, your able and sympathetic rector, your representative people, are so competent to improve.

What you will do, a Presbyterian is not so foolish as to advise. (Laughter.) A convert fresh from the fervor of the evangelistic series stood up in his quiet prayer-meeting and with all zeal affirmed, "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me so long as it is honorable." (Laughter.) Let it so stand. Surely no more is to be asked of us in Heaven or on earth!

But, though I am outside your immediate circle, I am confident (for I am aware of the temper of your mind and the warmth of your heart) of this,—that in these new years just opening their inviting doors to you, you will do the things that are really great, and that you will do them in the spirit of good-will.

Things that are really great: Among the limericks of renown there is this:

"The centipede was happy quite
Until the toad for fun
Said, 'Pray which leg comes after which?'
This worked her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch
Considering how to run." (Laughter.)

The pity of it, if in these days of the bloody upheaval of civilization, in these days of gravest uncertainty whether the world can well recover from the fearful and sustained shock, we should be so concerned about mint, anise and cummin as to forget the weightier matters of the law and the Gospel; the pity of it, if, in the figure which the limerick gives, we should be so absorbed in watching our step that we make no progress at all.

This will not be St. Peter's way. We know that in the priceless years to be, your prayer will have power, your message will be rich in light, and your life will not lack in consistency and consecration. For less than this, in Christ's company in these disordered times, would be folly and crime. You will deal with great fundamentals, and again and again you will lift your eyes to those heights beyond the hills whence cometh our help. So will you make large contribution to the establishment among us of that new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.

And that which you do you will do in the spirit of goodwill. The middle wall of partition was long since broken down. Lesser walls are falling. The night is far spent, a night of darkness, sometimes of gross darkness it has been, the night in which differences that separate have overshadowed the unities that bind. The night is far spent, the day is at hand, the day in which and to the end, I think, some of the things that distinguish us will remain, but the day in which the Name that is above every name shall shine unclouded by the smoke of our little campfires, the day in which we shall be silent each before the other's errors, the day in which we shall be patient each with the other's weaknesses, the day in which we shall seek each only the best in the other, the day in which we shall give God thanks each for the other's victories, the day in which we shall rejoice in that faith and hope and baptism that make us one, the day in which we shall count ourselves unanointed if we lack the baptism of that love which is greater than faith and hope. It is the day of goodwill.

We are coming swiftly again to those crisp December days, with their fragrant cedars, and nights of clear stars,

days in whose air there is the song, grown dearer with each repetition, the song "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people,"—the tidings of good-will.

The Nativity is still prophetic. The day is still at hand. St. Peter's, as we all know, hails the dawn of it with gladness, and will give herself to the extension of its sway and in doing so she will summon more distinctly than by doctrinal statement or ecclesiastical enactment the coming of that time when the whole world shall "give back the song which now the angels sing." (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: When St. Peter's stood in the middle of the street, there was just to the south of State Street, in what was then known as the pasture, a building which was used by the Lutherans; that building was reached by the lane which is now South Pearl Street. In 1714, two years before the day which we here celebrate, the Lutherans accommodated the Episcopalians in their house that the Episcopalians might offer worship. From that day to this the Lutheran Church has been the next-door neighbor of St. Peter's, because as you go along Lodge Street northerly from St. Peter's Church, you come first to the site of the first Masonic Lodge which stood upon the American continent, now occupied by the Masonic Building, and then to the First Lutheran Church. Across the way is the First Roman Catholic Church, and in the immediate vicinity, that plot of ground which was used as the first reservoir of the city when the people all lived below Eagle Street, a locality thereabouts interesting as the beginning of things after the people of our city came from along the river front and began to climb the hill toward the west.

The Lutheran Church is there today, the first Lutheran Church, one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of Lutheran organizations, as I understand, upon our continent, and it is particularly gratifying to us that the pastor of that church, the Reverend Dr. Leitzell, will speak to us. (Applause.)

The Rev. CHARLES W. LEITZELL: Ladies and gentlemen—An Episcopal rector was spending his vacation in Indiana, and he met an old farmer. In the course of the

conversation the farmer said to him, "I am an Episcopalian," and the rector said, "To what parish do you belong?" The farmer answered, "I don't know nothing about any parish." "Well," said the rector, "to what diocese then?" "There is nothing of that kind around here," was the reply. "Well, by whom were you confirmed?" The farmer answered, "I have never been confirmed." "Then how do you claim that you are an Episcopalian?" "Well," said he, "It happened like this: I was on a visit to Arkansas one time and I happened to go into a church and they called it Episcopal, and while I was in the church I heard them saying, 'We have done the things we ought not to have done, and we have left undone the things we ought to have done,' and I said to myself, that's my case exactly, and ever since that time I felt that I was an Episcopalian." (Laughter.)

We are all Episcopalians tonight. We have forgotten our differences, if we have any, and we are here to offer our congratulations and to bring our greetings to the members of the Parish of St. Peter's, and I am certain that it is a very great pleasure for me as the Pastor of the First Lutheran Church to add my tribute.

Judge Rudd has told you somewhat of our history, and taken somewhat of my thunder, but I am happy to bring you the greetings, as the Pastor of the First Lutheran Church, because of the fact that in the early days of St. Peter's, we were able to render some little assistance in affording a place of shelter, in allowing the members of St. Peter's to worship in our church.

As I look over the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopalian Church I find there is a striking resemblance to the Augsburg Confession, and as I look at your splendid Book of Common Prayer and our own service I am also reminded that there is a family resemblance between us, and, therefore, I am happy to bring the greetings of our church.

As I was thinking back over the history of these two hundred years I want to emphasize this fact, and bring to you our congratulations on the splendid history of St. Peter's during the past two hundred years; for as I have read Dr. Battershall's fine sermon and somewhat of Bishop

Nelson's sermon, and have become in a measure familiar with the history of St. Peter's, I have learned that it is a splendid chapter that has been written during these past two hundred years. At the same time I would remind you that you have an unwritten history.

While you are recording facts and telling of achievements, remember that the real things cannot be tabulated, they cannot be written—the lives that have been touched and cheered and comforted and helped, the people whose characters have been moulded and shaped and who have gone out into the city to play their part and to do their work. These are the things that are unwritten. I congratulate St. Peter's on this splendid history during these two hundred years, and I also want to congratulate you upon the fact, the thought of which has already been suggested by Dr. Hopkins, that you have not attained unto the things which are possible for you, you have not reached your goal, and I am glad that it is true, and you must be, for it is sad, whether for an individual or an institution, to feel that they have done all that it is possible for them to do.

You must feel, it seems to me, as members of this Parish, with this splendid history behind you, that you have not yet attained, and your attitude with reference to the future of the church must be the attitude of the Great Apostle when he says, "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the goal." For I take it that the noble history of the past is but an indication of the possibilities of the future. For if St. Peter's could write such a history under the circumstances under which it was written, then in view of the splendid opportunity which is presented to the Christian church today, and because of the loyal, self-sacrificing people who now are members of St. Peter's, I am justified in saying that the future promises even better things for you. That there is much yet to be done in this parish none will dispute.

I want to congratulate St. Peter's too on the fact that the history which has been written and the things which have been accomplished come to you as a noble inheritance. It is as true of you as it is true of any institution

that other men have labored, and ye have entered into their labors. Think of the splendid rôle of the past—many of you know the names of those men and women who made consecrated sacrifices during these years, handing down to you, the present members of this church, a great inheritance, a sacred trust. But this sacred trust also brings responsibilities and opportunities, and I can do no better, it seems to me, in emphasizing your duty toward the future, than in asking that you, the present members of this parish, shall dedicate yourselves to the unfinished task remaining before you, and that from these two hundred years of consecrated service and sacrifices, you give yourselves with renewed courage to St. Peter's Church, to which those who have gone before gave the last full measure of devotion, and that you, the present members here, highly resolve that their sacrifices have not been in vain, and that St. Peter's under God, shall have a new birth, of larger service and greater usefulness in the city. I trust that the noble history of the past two hundred years may be a clarion call to you to move forward to greater things, so that you may write during the next two hundred years a chapter worthy of a place alongside of the splendid chapter written during the past two hundred years, as your evidence of appreciation of the services of those who have gone before. I congratulate you. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Dr. Battershall is my authority for saying that the relations between St. Peter's and the Second Presbyterian Church membership have always been of the most kindly nature. One of our immediate neighbors, occupying a building which has stood since 1815, which was erected by a man who must have been more than usual in his ability and artistic touch as an architect, because he built the beautiful Academy building which we still have, our second City Hall, and the New York State National Bank Building, which still stands—we have the pastor of that church, a man highly respected in our community as a God-fearing worker and an eloquent preacher. I have the honor to present the Rev. Dr. Moldenhawer. (Applause.)

The Rev. J. V. MOLDENHAWER: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—I never think of St. Peter's Church without remembering how very near it is. I go past it so frequently on the way to my own church in the mornings—I go past it with a sense of envy. It is so pleasant to pass St. Peter's and say, "This is the way the fathers ought to erect churches—put them out on State Street where they can be seen." And then I go on and enter at the back of my church, which I love so much, and wonder whether in the changes of the city something could not have been done to simply take that old building, which has much to commend it, and swing it around so that I might enter as old members of the Second Presbyterian Church used to, at the front of the church. (Laughter.) Only now I realize if that were done, we should find ourselves in a state of mind that is not at all after the modern. They apparently were willing in those days to enter a church facing the congregation at once. If we came into the Second Presbyterian Church in these days from the front door and dropped into a pew, we should be in the front pew (Laughter); a condition of things for which, of course, a good deal can be said.

I congratulate you of St. Peter's Church upon your two hundred years. It is a good thing for us to be able to remember, in the United States of America, that anything can be two hundred years old. We look at the things which are going on on the other side of the water, leaving the war on one side, and we are apt to be envious, because they can see so far back. They can see with the eye of the mind things that happened hundreds of years ago. Yet, even we can look back and see things which happened two hundred years ago, and after all 1716 is a great deal more remote from us in 1916 than, let us say, the years 1216 or 1316 are over there.

I like to remember, as a minister of the Presbyterian Church, some of the things which belong to the Episcopal tradition. It is fitting for us to remember the Puritan forefathers, those men who in the early days of American history gave something of which we shall always be proud. But it is good for us to remember that in the days when so

many things were being written in contentions of faith, about which there is some possibility of argument, among the great spirits of that age, just before St. Peter's was built, there were a group of clergymen in England who exhibited that spirit of Christianity revealed here tonight in the fact that there are present so many Christians of so many different creeds and of feeling and sound Christian fellowship. I like to think of the names of Falkland and Hayes, and I like to think of the name of Hooker. I like to remember that these men were not Puritans except in that fine sense, that they were at once men of the world and Christians, whose words might stand today as models of the spirit that we all ought to bear toward each other. And I like to think of those men as being Episcopalians, because when I look back at the beginning of the eleven years or a little over that I have spent in the City of Albany, one of the first and most genial spirits that came to me with a sign of the cordiality that lives in the atmosphere of Albany, was the Rector then, the Rector Emeritus now, of St. Peter's Church. And when I came to know him better, it was very easy for me to think of Episcopacy in the City of Albany as representing those large and splendid expressions of the Christian spirit, and not those narrow and unsatisfying things that so often express the life of any Christian body when it has forgotten the other parts of the great Christian church.

I congratulate you again upon your two hundred years. I expect, as all of us expect, that the best years are still to come, that they will be years great in service, as were those past years, so great in your remembrance. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Before this ancient city received its charter from Governor Dongan in 1686, there stood as you all know, at the foot of the hill in Jonkers Street, now State Street, the Dutch Church of 1648, and from the days of Megapolensis to the days of Kittell the church has prospered. I remember once of reading that in the first edifice in making provision for the congregation, they arranged certain seats for the women and certain seats for the men, and the number for the women was 611 and the

number for the men 79. Dr. Kittell and I often see each other, not in church but elsewhere, and I never have thought to ask him whether that was the idea of the good Dutch church people as to the comparative necessity for religious guidance between the sexes. There is also a tradition that in the same edifice there were certain openings in the building through which the rifles might be pointed in case of attack, an evidence of preparedness in those early days of the Dutch Church in Albany! The same Dutch Church, now Reformed, rich in its history, stands near the locality where was originally the North Gate, redecorated and rejuvenated physically by the skill and artistic touch of Louis Tiffany—ministered over by one of the most eloquent divines preaching in Albany, whom it is your pleasure now to see and to hear. (Applause.)

The Rev. JAMES S. KITTELL: Mr. Chairman, Rector Emeritus, Rector and members of St. Peter's Church—I feel that the presiding officer of this evening has handicapped me at the very beginning by his description of me, and I am further handicapped by those who have spoken so eloquently, for into this bouquet that is being presented to St. Peter's Church tonight it is a very humble little flower that I would bring. I do congratulate you most sincerely, and I bring to you the heartiest greetings of the Reformed Church of Albany on your two hundredth anniversary.

I might say, continuing the address of the presiding officer, that we have just about that same proportion of men now. (Laughter.) I judge—for I go into St. Peter's Church very often of Sunday afternoons—that the men attend in the morning. (Laughter.) The description of the rifles pointing through the holes in our church is not necessary, for we are a very peaceful people at this particular time.

For two hundred years St. Peter's Church and the First Reformed Church have lived together as neighbors; each emphasizing, and sometimes strenuously emphasizing the dominant characteristics of our respective ecclesiastical bodies; but always neighbors in those hopes and trusts

and charities that are the essentials of the Christian life of any community, the larger things and the more abiding.

We were warned that anything historical was barred out tonight, it having been intimated that Dr. Battershall had written all the history that could be written. Now, I read that sermon with a great deal of interest, and yet so keen a mind as that of Dr. Battershall, and a pen that is wielded so gracefully, can never write down the history of St. Peter's in this old Dutch community, for that deeper and more permanent part of her history no man can measure and no historian can set forth.

For two hundred years St. Peter's Church has been setting forth the tremendous fact that the greatest forces in our national life are the moral and spiritual forces, unsung and yet abiding and eternal. And tonight you are celebrating, I do sincerely believe, not your advantageous position in Albany, not your splendid history of success as a church, not the beautiful building which stands out, as Mr. Moldenhawer said, on the main thoroughfare of the city be to seen by all, but you are celebrating the fine qualities of the spiritual life of the men and women who have had a part in the making of the history of St. Peter's Church for these two hundred years.

And it is from a really high point that you are looking out, from which you will see the real and abiding forces of life in this city, and in the nation; not our material prosperity, not a blasting and shattering force in the nation's armaments, but the forces of righteousness that make a nation great. And from this high point of view, at the end of two hundred years of your history, you are looking into the future, and I believe looking on the sunnier side of life; and that you will "cling to faith beyond the forms of faith," and so I wish you Godspeed upon your way for the centuries to come. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: In the early part of the last century, fifteen years or so after the organization of Union College, that institution, which had been created in Albany by Albanians, placed in Schenectady to put it beyond the reach of the politicians at the capitol, came to Albany

and took out of the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church one of the greatest pulpit orators in this country, Eliphalet Nott, who for sixty-two years thereafter as the greatest educator this country ever produced, presided over Union College. Ninety years later Union College again came to Albany and took from the pulpit of the Fourth Presbyterian Church a president, Andrew V. V. Raymond, who remained at Union for a dozen years. Ten years or so after that again Union College turned its eyes toward Albany, and took out of a Presbyterian church pulpit another president, who has not as yet been there sixty years, but who we hope will there remain at least that length of time. In other words, Union took Richmond, (Applause) much to the loss of Albanians, because we love him here. He had been one of us for ten years. He often comes back. He is a member of our University Club. He is a Scotchman. He is a good fellow. He is a president. He is a divine, a poet, a musician, a litterateur—I present to you Dr. Richmond. (Applause.)

Dr. CHARLES A. RICHMOND: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—I am reminded of an occasion some years ago in Albany when the Boys' Club needed some money—a perennial condition. Governor Hughes—near-president Hughes—was then at the Governor's Mansion, and I was asked to go there and deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Boys' Club, which I did. I took my harp with me—I confess to the soft impeachment, and also exhibited some slides of Southern Spain, and sang some old Spanish folk-songs, and the next morning I was delighted, as I have been delighted by this introduction, to read that I had delivered this lecture illustrated by songs and slides. (Laughter.)

I suppose this is no time to say that all roads lead to Rome, but certainly all roads lead to St. Peter's, even from Schenectady. As my academic son here, Judge Rudd, has said, there is some reason why the President of Union College should have a small share in these proceedings. Alonzo Potter was the academic and spiritual father of all the Potters, an interesting assortment (Laughter), and a

family that I understand had a corner in bishoprics (Laughter). At any rate, Horatio Potter was one of our boys, Dr. Nott's boys, as was also his brother, Alonzo Potter, who was the father of Henry Potter, who was another bishop. I am not surprised that these Presbyterians succeeded so well among the Episcopalians. (Laughter.) My old Scotch father used to say it is wonderful what an education will do for a Scotch lad, especially if he has to make his career among the English. (Laughter.)

Now, two hundred years in this degenerate age seems a long time. In the days of Methusaleh it would represent merely the first flush of youth, and in an organization of this kind, it represents merely the first flush of youth. You have renewed your youth like the eagle, and you are looking back tonight on a grateful and reverent retrospect, and you are, of course, looking forward with all holy confidence.

Those who in the past have had a share in building this spiritual temple of God have attained a kind of immortality from their connection with this immortal work of yours, and those of you who are at present carrying on this work are to be congratulated, because you are associated and connected with a work that will last long after all of us have mingled our dust with the dust of the forgotten dead—and let me say that most of us will achieve an immortality in the memories of men because we have been connected with an immortal work.

I remember dining with a little collection of bishops, three bishops and others, and they were abusing John Calvin, and, of course, I was silent, and finally Bishop Doane looked at me and said, "What do you think of all this talk?" I said, "I don't know, but I think if John Calvin were here to defend himself, he would make you all look like thirty cents." (Laughter.) I added, "Perhaps you think you are going to be remembered for four hundred years, but I have my doubts!"

Now, one of the most inspiring things in all life is the fact that the work of God does not depend upon any one man or upon any group of men. The apostles come and go, the innumerable companies of holy men come and make their contributions and pass on, but the Church

remains, and the continuity isn't broken or lost, and it goes on adding strength to strength through the generations. And may I observe also that the work of God does not depend upon any one church or any group of churches working under any denomination or name, if you will allow me to refer to you as a denomination for the sake of argument.

The presence here of these dissenters indicates that at least you recognize remotely and incidentally this truth. I suppose we all have our little mission—we are not exactly a union—I know we are not getting ten hours pay for eight hours work—but I assume we all have our mission. There is not exactly either a division of labor. It has been said that the Methodists pick a man out of the gutter, and the Baptists wash him, and the Presbyterians starch him. I suppose the Episcopalians finish him. (Laughter.) At least they put the frills on him (Laughter), and I must confess that not infrequently they make him a little more presentable, in the eyes of man at least, if not in the eyes of God. (Applause.)

But certainly at this time of day we shall all agree absolutely that recriminations and jealousies and suspicions and the waste of energy that comes through ecclesiastical disputes, is something we do not and will not tolerate. Thank God, that age is well nigh past. And for that reason, because we represent here tonight a body of Christians, thinking first, of course, of you, because this is your anniversary, but because we know that you as a body of Christians are devoted to the same cause, I like to dwell upon that note—Church unity.

I remember Bishop Doane once said to me that he meant to devote the last ten years of his life to the cause of church unity. The task before us, fellow Christians, is one that is staggering to contemplate, and there is no other organization in the world that even dare attempt that task. We have facing us the reconstruction of the world, and the world will not be reconstructed by science. It will not be the work of science, nor the work of commerce, but the work of religion. To compose the warring elements, to bring order out of disorder, and the poetry and harmony of creation, and to make a cosmos out of

chaos, called for no work of man's invention, but called for no less than the breath of the Almighty. "The spirit of God moved or brooded upon the face of the waters." And to bring any kind of harmony out of the present discord, and to form any kind of cosmos, a moral and spiritual cosmos, out of the present chaos and tumult of human passion, will be no work of science or of commercial alliance or of the overpowering force of arms.

It will be the work of no less than the breath of God in the hearts of men, transformed into energy by the power of a united purpose and an untiring consecration and devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ. The peace the whole world has long been praying for is not the truce of God, but the peace of God, and the peace society which over all others must take the lead, is the church of God, for that is the home and the shelter and the guardian of peace. "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, oh Lord of Hosts, my King and my God."

And so while you are thinking in this church, and while we are thinking in our churches of the peculiar work we are to do in our community, we must think at this near approach of the day of the anniversary of the Prince of Peace, we must think of this as a great mission, and the great contribution of the church of God, of which you are a part. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: I know that you will regret that the little group has been almost exhausted. When I came in this room this evening some one asked me if that was my jury. (Laughter.)

There is one still whom we always love to see, to hear, and to meet, not a man who wears the degree of D. D., but a man who wears and carries with great honor all the other degrees that have ever been conferred by any academic organization; a man who stands at the head of the educational work in the Empire State, our townsman, one who contributes so much of that which is right and inspiring in our life as a state. I have the honor of introducing Dr. Finley. (Applause.)

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY: I do not know to which group your Chairman referred when he said his group was nearly exhausted. I have not been in training for this night as the Bishop has been. In fact, save once, when I made a historical address in St. Peter's Church, I have never faced an Episcopalian audience. I do not know even how to address your presiding officer. In my church he is known as a moderator—one who moderates the length and vehemence of speeches.

I have hardly the courage to appear in and before such a company, but I could not resist the invitation of this near-Presbyterian, as he has been called, Justice Rudd, for I am willing to do anything in this world that he asks me to do, "so long as it is honorable."

I am reminded by the church-going comments of this evening of a recent experience of my own. I ventured a few weeks ago into All Saints Cathedral one morning for early prayers or mass, or whatever you call that matin service; but there was no one else visible in the church except the Assistant who was saying the prayers, in the course of which he made some reference to the shortcomings of the congregation. This seemed to me very personal. I was very much embarrassed and I have never had the courage to go back.

I have said that I would speak but for a moment only. I cannot, of course, assume to speak in your presence of the past. There is nothing left for me except the future, and I am aware that you do not know any more about that tense than I do.

In an address which I made a little time ago in the hearing of Dr. Richmond—he has, of course, unconsciously reflected what I said—an address on old age, as he will now recall, I referred, I think, to Methusaleh and to Shem and others who lived somewhat more than nine hundred years, as I remember. Gradually, however, the span of life has been shortened until now, as I am informed, the average expectancy of the life of man according to the actuaries of the insurance companies is only thirty-five years. And man has with great ingenuity struggled against this shortened life, this early mortality. He has taken the

aureate dust and the argent clay and made another creature, a "corporation" we call it, and endowed it with the life that he could not himself enjoy. He has made a corporation, and endowed it with his purposes. He has taken the shadow of himself, as Emerson has defined an institution, and has breathed his own spirit into it;—has given it immortal life, as it were. And so this church—the thought has just come to me—is the shadow not of a mortal individual but of the Christ who was here upon earth. I understand now the meaning of those lines of O'Shaughnessy in which he tells how John the Baptist thought there should have been made for him a golden ladder upon which he could climb every day athwart some opening in the skies, and see His Face whose "shadow fills all time." The church is the white shadow of the Christ upon the earth.

In that address which I made, as Dr. Richmond will remember, upon old age, I said that Cicero in his famous essay on old age enumerates four miseries that come with old age, the last one of which is that old age brings death near. But that is not true of a corporation, of an institution, because, paradoxical though it may seem, the older an institution is in health, the longer it is likely to live, the farther it is from death. Every year of health gives promise of more than a year of new life; and so with your two hundred years of life you have in prospect more than two hundred more for this corporation which is a part of that great corporation of Christ.

A few nights ago in my reading I came upon the date 2000 A. D.; and I said to myself, I shall not be here in the year 2000; and yet that is no farther away than the year in which the Rector, whose name I cannot remember though Dr. Battershall does, made the contract for your second church. And to think of two hundred years hence, 2116,—there is no one here except Dr. Battershall perhaps who will be remembered. But as Dr. Richmond has said, so beautifully said, we can, even if our names are forgotten, be immortal by allying ourselves with these institutions that are immortal here on the earth! Of course we all hope to go to St. Peter's some time, on the other side, but

even here on this earth you prolong your lives by association with a terrestrial St. Peter's.

I read fragments of the beautiful sermon by the Bishop in which he pictured St. Peter's as framed in this social life of Albany. And a beautiful picture it was; but it brought to my mind another, a picture which is described by Howells in his "Tuscan Cities"—I never saw it myself—somewhere in the City Hall of Siena. It is a picture of a priest who is coming for a blessing, bearing half-concealed under his cloak a little model of the city of Siena. The story is that the city was under an interdict and so it could not have a blessing. But this priest so loved the city that he carried this model of it under his cloak when he went to get his own blessing, that the blessing which came upon him might also fall upon his city. May you carry this city at your heart, and so when you go for your blessing may you bring, in the blessing that comes to you, a blessing upon this city which we all love, whether we have been a long time here or but a little time.



THE INTERIOR OF THE PRESENT EDIFICE

The Bicentennial Dinner

NOTE: At this subscription dinner, given at the Hotel Ten Eyck, two hundred and eighty guests, men and women, were present. The Rev. Charles C. Harriman, Rector of St. Peter's, presided. The Guests of Honor, seated on either side of the Rector, were—on the right, The Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts; The Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D. D., Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York; The Rev. W. W. Battershall, D. D., Rector Emeritus of St. Peter's; The Rev. Charles A. Richmond, D. D., President of Union College; The Hon. Joseph W. Stevens, Mayor of Albany;—on the left of the Rector, The Lieutenant Governor, Edward C. Schoeneck; The Rt. Rev. Richard H. Nelson, D. D., Bishop of Albany; Francis Lynde Stetson, LL. D., and Edward A. Harriman, President of the Churchman's Club of Connecticut.

THE TOASTMASTER, the Rev. CHARLES C. HARRIMAN: Bishop Nelson, distinguished guests of honor, ladies and gentlemen—I confess I feel a little bit embarrassed. It is not always my privilege to address so large and representative a body of men and women in the City of Albany. I have a still more humiliating confession to make, and I think you have earned a right to share my confidence by your presence here. It was very gratifying, and it seemed to be a great honor indeed, to be asked to preside at this dinner tonight. I accepted the invitation in that spirit, and was a bit overcome when the committee informed me immediately afterwards in a casual way that in their experience the most tiresome feature of a dinner of this sort was apt to be the remarks of the presiding officer. And they advised me in a delicate, but very decided fashion, to be brief and to the point. That I shall try to do.

First, to make your countenances even more cheerful than they are now, if that is possible, I want to tell you that, thanks to the kind offices of Mr. Franklin who realizes how many who have been loyal to the Church on this occasion have been disappointed by not being able to attend the concert tonight, Madame Culp will come to us a little later and will sing to us.

But before I introduce the speakers who have come here tonight to bring us their word of greeting and congratulation I want to thank you all, every one of you, for what you have done to make this two hundredth anniversary of St. Peter's Church an event worthy of being recorded in the annals of its history. I thank you in the name of the Wardens and the Vestry and myself; and I think your presence here tonight is sufficient evidence that in spite of its two hundred years of service and activity, St. Peter's Church today may be counted upon as a live factor in the solution of the social and religious problems in this city, and that you may reasonably expect, that in the future it shall accomplish things worthy of its past.

Now, those of you who are acquainted with the history of St. Peter's Church know that from the very beginning it has held a very intimate and vital relationship to the State. It seems most appropriate, therefore, that in the absence of the Governor, the Acting Governor of this State should be present tonight to bring to us a word of greeting and congratulation in the name of the State. I have the honor to introduce to you the Acting Governor of the State of New York, Lieutenant Governor Schoeneck. (Applause.)

Lieutenant Governor EDWARD SCHOENECK: Mr. Chairman, Bishop Nelson, Reverend Clergy, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen—I regard it as a privilege and an honor to extend greetings and congratulations in the name of the State on this occasion.

The Bicentennial Anniversary of St. Peter's Church offers an opportunity to express the obligation to the Episcopal Church for its traditions, its influence, aye, for its achievement, in upbuilding the moral and civic structure of our state and our nation.

Anniversaries sometimes tempt one to historical discussions, but I shall not be tempted. Dr. Harriman has intimated and State Treasurer Wells has told me that I must be brief, and I think there are some of us here who appreciate with what finality a Wells speaks. But for another reason—if another reason is necessary. I happen to be a

Lutheran, and you know there are times when in extreme enthusiasm we claim to be the pioneers of the Reformation, but nevertheless, with that spirit of envy which is permissible among good church men, I am sure, speaking for myself and for the moment on behalf of the people of this state, I am sure that I would fall short of their expectations if I failed to take advantage of this opportunity to express their profound admiration for those sturdy churchmen who in the sixteenth century, on the Pacific shores, uttered the first prayer in the English language on this continent, and to those who in the seventeenth century, under the breezes of the Atlantic, threw open the doors of Jamestown Church for the organization of the Virginia House of Burgesses and there inaugurated the first principles of representative government.

Moreover, we are proud of the members of your communion and the part which they played in the Revolutionary period. Washington and Livingston, Henry and Pinckney, Randolph and Henry Lee, Jefferson, Hamilton and Madison, all of them churchmen, have indelibly stamped their characters on the history of this country, have enriched the world's history, and have indeed glorified this nation.

Back of these men, their hopes and their ambitions and their achievements, there was some great moving power. Back of that sentiment expressed that "We, the united colonies, are and of a right ought to be free and independent," there was indeed a something. Back of that sentiment which organized the opposition to the Stamp Act there was indeed a something. Back of that sentiment, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," there was indeed a moving power. Back of that sentiment, uttered within the walls of the church by Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death," there was indeed something.

That something, my friends, was character—not character fashioned from demagoguery, not character fashioned from mockery, not character fashioned from weakness or expediency, but character born of a deep conviction, and sustained by courage and moral fibre—character born under

a Christian influence and reared under a Christian atmosphere—that character, my friends, which means leadership. It means leadership among men, leadership behind which men and women of all denominations rally, leadership of such a character and such a nature that behind it in the Revolutionary period our men rallied and followed to the end of that great strife.

My friends, since the establishment of St. Peter's Church there has been marvellous progress among the peoples of the world. In the arts, in the sciences, in literature, giant forward strides have been made. The modes of transportation upon land have changed from oxen and horse-drawn vehicles to steam and electric conveyances. On sea our ships no longer depend upon the ocean's breeze, but swiftly they glide from port to port underneath the surface and upon the surface of the sea in bold defiance of their early master.

The new uses of electricity, the introduction of compressed air, the introduction of the automobile and other useful inventions have changed our habits and our modes of living. Indeed they have changed our hopes and our ambitions, but there has been no change in the doctrines of religion. If there have been, they have been inconsiderable. Surely they have not affected the fundamental concepts of religion. The church of the present day, as the church of centuries and centuries ago, is still the foe of wrong, of vice, of immorality. It preaches the doctrine and it teaches charity and humanitarian interest in our fellow men.

The Episcopal Church has extended this work in remarkable degree. Its influence has been felt in every community of our land. It indeed occupies an envious and conspicuous position in the front rank of the churches of this country in the work which it has done. It has elevated not only the individual, but the community life. Here in Albany the influence of Bishop Nelson is indeed felt.

In Syracuse, where I come from, we have for many years felt the influence of the revered and beloved—the late Bishop Huntington. In that city, even to this day, we recognize with proud acclaim one of your fellow church

men as the first citizen of Syracuse, ex-Judge Charles Andrews.

Dr. Harriman, I congratulate you. I congratulate the churchmen of St. Peter's Church upon the influence which that church has exerted in this community. I congratulate you upon the history and record of your church, and it is my earnest hope and my earnest wish that the future of your church may be as brilliant and as glorious as its past. I thank you.

THE TOASTMASTER: We thank you for your good wishes, and for reminding us of the responsibilities placed upon our shoulders.

Some years ago, when I was rector of a small church in the Borough of the Bronx, from which I came to St. Peter's, (I do not know whether it was because St. Peter's found it rather difficult to get a rector that they should have gone there to find me—I have often wondered about it)—I found that there was a trust fund with regard to the disposition of which there was a difference of opinion on the part of my vestry. It was a trust fund of some \$50,000. It was a very large sum for us, and I thought before any disposition or use of it was made that we ought to have the advice of counsel. On my vestry at that time I had three lawyers, and I can wish no vestry a greater misfortune. One may be a blessing, but three are a curse. I appointed the three, two of whom disagreed with the third, and afterwards the two mentioned disagreed with each other. In due course of time they presented their report. Knowing there would be a division of opinion in the vestry, I said to myself, what is needed here is the very best outside advice that I can get. I went to the Bishop. I received from him a letter of introduction to Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson. I asked Mr. Stetson if he would give us his opinion. He said he would be very glad to do so, and the next morning I received a letter from him. He said he had gone over the matter carefully the night before—think of that!—and that in his opinion, if he had not seen the report of my committee, he would have supposed it was not only illegal, but immoral, to

spend the money as they suggested. My impression is that neither my vestry nor the congregation followed the advice given them.

I have asked Mr. Stetson here tonight, knowing that his advice, now as then, is of the best, and in the hope that those who hear him tonight may give more heed to what he has to say than did my former vestry and congregation. I take unusual pleasure in introducing to you one whose hair has grown gray not only in the practice of law but in the service of the church, Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson.

MR. FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON: Mr. Chairman, Bishop Nelson, ladies and gentlemen—I can only say this is so sudden. My name is away down at the bottom of the list, and I was hoping that I would have the chance to roam in the fields where the reaping went on before me, and that there might be some kernels of truth dropped which I could gather in; but now here I am face to face with this awful hour.

Governor Schoeneck has said very justly that anniversaries tempt to historical allusions. Indeed they do. What are they for? What are we here for? To tell about the two hundred years. If there is nothing in the years, and if this year is just as good as any of them and like any of them, why go back, why not satisfy ourselves with the reflection that there is no such thing as time, but merely a succession of events, and take the last of all as the one for our consideration.

Well, I feel as Mark Hopkins used to say, that it is in the blood of Americans to celebrate anniversaries. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Governor Glynn, we sat together celebrating an anniversary of bloodshed and of victory. All sorts of anniversaries come up, but I do know that never before have I attended the two hundredth anniversary of a church. That is a pretty rare thing, isn't it? And so I told Dr. Harriman that I would like to see a book, that there must be some book containing the history of this Parish, and I took the fine book that he sent me, and I must say I read it through not only last night, as I did the letter of his vestry, but also several nights before that, and I am

glad to say that I found in it nothing that was either illegal or immoral. (Laughter.)

I found in it, however, a very good starting point. I do think the name of the Reverend Thoroughgood Moor is worthy of being embalmed. Think of it, being "Thoroughgood," and then capping it with "Moor." That was a fine thing. He didn't have very good luck here, because he came up against the Reverend Johannes Megapolensis and also the Reverend Mr. Schatt. Mr. Schatt had an assistant who was a fine character, Mr. Dallius. Mr. Dallius turned out to be a land grabber. He got a grant here sixty miles long and forty miles wide, went up to Lake Champlain, that took in most of the arch-deaconry of Troy and also the most part of the diocese of Vermont. He was expelled and sent back to Holland. Then came the Reverend Mr. Van Heusen.

Now, all of this spot had been boiling and seething before your own first great man came here. I was very much interested in his coming. I tried to visualize that event. It is very difficult to think out the relative sizes of a place at different periods. Why, when St. Peter's was founded in 1716 there were just 4,000 people in Albany, only 4,000 people! It never attained 10,000 until 1800, when St. Peter's was about one hundred years old. It just passed the 10,000 mark in 1800. In the second century it has grown ten times as much as in the first century. It was unto the little town that the Reverend Mr. Barclay came. We thought so much of him formerly in New York that we named a street after him. I don't know what you have done for him here in that way, but certainly he gave his life and he gave his mind in the service of this Parish. It is a sad story that he should have suffered as he did. Out of that little community came the money for the building of the first St. Peter's out in the middle of State Street, the one that stood here on your clay bank. I was struck especially by one act of neighborliness. Every man in Schenectady save one gave something toward the building of the church in Albany. (Laughter.)

A great work started with this first church, but as time went on poor Dr. Barclay was consigned to an institution.

The son went down to New York. One after another unsuccessful venture was made, and the Colonial War came on, and the Revolutionary War came on, and finally came the man who is the real founder of your Parish, and that is the Reverend Thomas Ellison, and I shall always be thankful to Dr. Enos for having acquainted me with Reverend Thomas Ellison. That English priest, a graduate of Queens College, certainly was a great contributor to the life of this community. Would that he had lived longer. He died at the age of 43, but, as observed by Bishop Chase, "a venerable man."

Now, we had some rather hard times here in our communion, but I want to say at the same time to Governor Schoeneck that they were nothing compared to the hardships that his co-religionists went through. If there was anything that the Dutch Calvinists hated, it was a Lutheran. If a Lutheran attempted to preach the Gospel, he was looked upon as worthy of being consigned to prison. When Mr. Van Rensselaer came up here, notwithstanding that he was the ancestor collaterally to a large part of this present company as I suppose, and was the brother or nephew of the Patroon, because he had consented to be inducted into the ministry by one of the English bishops, the Dutch Calvinists would have none of him. He was taken down to New York where they thought they would send him to jail, but they did not. The Lutherans, too, had a hard time as well as our people.

So, after Dr. Ellison, came the new church of 1803, the second church that was built. The present church already has lasted just as long as that second church. The second church was about to slip down the clay bank, and was found unsafe for habitation. I am glad to know that the present church was planned and built much more securely. That third church was finished under the rectorship of the Reverend Doctor Pitkin, of whom more presently. After the completion of the second church you had a series of rectors, but finally your great one, he who served you the longest of all, excepting our beloved friend who is here now—Bishop Potter served this church for twenty-two years. How well we all knew and loved Bishop Potter in

New York is a matter of record. Bishop Horatio Potter, a great theologian, was a man of great dignity, even austerity of bearing. This was so much so that his nephew Henry tells the story that when Bishop Eastbourn of Massachusetts died, the death was announced to the House of Bishops, then in session, and Bishop Potter came to Henry and he said, "I shall miss him greatly; he was the only man in this House who called me Horatio." He was a great man in his way, ecclesiastically, and of the highest character. He passed in 1854 into the bishopric of the great diocese of New York, then including all this State except western New York. He was succeeded shortly by the Reverend Dr. Pitkin, under whom was started the third church, your present edifice.

Dr. Pitkin, like some others in this room, came from Connecticut. It was a great Connecticut family. Pitkin's history of the United States tells with appreciation of the remarkable meeting that was held here in Albany in 1754 where the great resolutions for the union of the Colonies were adopted, showing a finer spirit than even those of the Revolutionary period. The Pitkins were great people. One of them was famous for his learning. He was a little, old man, and in summing up a case before the judge his opponent was a Mr. Eels. Mr. Eels, animadverting upon his speech said, "Your Honor will observe that the *pipkin* is somewhat cracked." "Not so much so," retorted Mr. Pitkin, "but that it will serve to stew eels in." (Laughter.) The Rev. Mr. Pitkin sailed away. I tried to find out from Dr. Battershall what was the mystery of his sailing away. One summer afternoon his parish found that he had sailed away to the Far East. The vestry did not know what to do. They couldn't find out what was the law of the case. They would have to send for some of the gentlemen in Dr. Harriman's former parish to find out what to do when the rector has gone away, and a quorum of the vestry could not be obtained. Finally the problem was solved by Mr. Pitkin's sending in his resignation.

And then came Mr. Wilson. That is a beautiful face of Mr. Wilson in your book, a saintly face. He was an extremely conscientious man, so when Dr. William Tatlock,

whom we all knew, married my young friend Florence, daughter of Mr. John S. Perry, and went down to be Rector of Stamford, Conn., Mr. Wilson could not stand it alone and he resigned.

Then came Bishop Doane with all his masterful, loving heart. I said to James Gardner one day, "Everybody loves Bishop Doane." He answered, "How can it be otherwise when a man goes on loving everybody else for fifty years." How could people help loving him? He did have that loving disposition. He also had a good way of turning things. I remember that when there was some complaint being made about extravagance in certain festivities he told the story that a man seeing the Bishop of London coming down the street in an Episcopal coach, turned to his friend, who was a minister of the Church of England, and said, "What would St. Paul say to that?" "He would say," answered the minister, "what a blessed change!" (Laughter.)

And after Bishop Doane went there came the one whom we so dearly love. I was referred to as having grown gray in the service of the church. Well, I haven't grown bald. Thirty-seven years of service in this Parish! Well, for the comfort of Dr. Harriman, I should like to say, "what a blessed change!" I am glad to see Dr. Harriman here, but I am profoundly glad to see Dr. Battershall here too. May he long continue to be with us! (Applause.)

I feel like saying as did St. Paul, "We are encompassed by so great a cloud of witnesses." They have been a fine body of witnesses in this Parish of St. Peter's, and that is what we are here for, as witnesses—witnesses for the truth; witnesses, as the Governor very properly said, for character; witnesses for that particular character which we call Christian character. We are followers and we profess to be followers of the Lord and Master, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. We welcome those of every clime, of every faith, who will illustrate the life that he has set forth as worthy of imitation by the people of all faiths.

When religion, and in that sense I mean not our religion alone, but all of the religions that are held in sincerity and truth, can have their just place upon this earth, we will see the knowledge of the Lord in its widest sense of that

term, covering the earth as the waters covering the sea, and until we can have the knowledge and the appreciation of religious truth implanted in our youth and in our people, we never shall have a satisfactory result.

No one can deplore or could deplore more than I the introduction of religious controversies or religious tests, and I appreciate Bishop Lawrence's remark in one of his addresses that I have heard him make recently, that to introduce religion as a required course in the public schools would involve the great difficulty of religious tests of the teacher. Therefore, the matter must be considered long and carefully before that is made a matter of compulsion.

But I have felt, and I still feel that there is no reason in the world why the Douai version of the Old Testament, familiar to the children of our churches and of our schools, should not be used. There is nothing there, certainly, that could be injurious, and there is everything that may be highly helpful in filling the minds of the children with the noble truths, the inspiring truths, which could not be found outside of the Scriptures. And it is not merely for gatherings and organizations, a group of social friends, that St. Peter's Church and the other churches have been organized, and that these buildings have been erected. These edifices stand for an ideal. The church is more than a meeting house, as has been said. To be sure, God is everywhere, but unless we are able to localize Him in our thoughts and in our worship, there is great danger that we may fail to find him there. Again, as it has been said, "Everywhere and nowhere are so pathetically contiguous."

Let us be concrete in our thought of worship. To be concrete we may erect, maintain, perpetuate and commemorate the houses or churches, and the organizations, the great bodies representing belief and the symbols of belief created and contributed for the development of the religious idea by St. Peter's Church and not only by it but also by thousands of other churches and temples. (Applause.)

At this point Mme. CULP sang three selections: "Long, Long Ago," "By the Waters of Minnetonka," and J. H. Rogers' "The Star."

THE TOASTMASTER: I want to say just a word which will express our gratitude to Madame Culp for her sweet graciousness in coming here to sing for us tonight after a day's travel and a strenuous evening. She told me this afternoon she had but an hour after her concert tonight before taking the train on her way to keep her next engagement. I know you will appreciate, as I do, her sacrifice in sharing that hour with us. Her singing indeed has added that touch which only the music of a great artist can give.

I was very much impressed, as I always am, when some one can look back into history, as Mr. Stetson did, and bring out from it living characters. It proves that those are immortal, as Dr. Finley said the other night, who attach themselves to a work which is immortal. No one appreciates more than I do that it was permitted me in coming to Albany to take up work in St. Peter's to know those two great men to whom he alluded at the end of his address: Bishop Doane, who welcomed me on my first visit to Albany, even before I was called to St. Peter's and who not only extended to me the courtesy of his house but showed me many personal kindnesses; and my distinguished predecessor, Dr. Battershall, in whose shoes I have been trying to rattle around, in an effort to grow up to them, only to discover how impossible it is. The joy that I have in still being able to be associated with him is very great.

One of the most interesting parts of the Adirondacks which seems to me today—you may think I am wandering from my subject, but I assure you I am not—unspoiled by the touch of man, is the section around Racquette Lake. In former years I used to spend part of the summer there. I think it is about twelve years ago I met a New York woman there whose name would be familiar to you if I should mention it. Knowing my clerical affiliations, she asked me if I knew the Rector of St. Thomas'? I said, "Yes, I know the Rector of St. Thomas'," and, as I wanted to be truthful, I added, "But I doubt very much if he knows me." She said, "Have you ever heard him?" I said, "I have had that pleasure." She responded, "He is wonderful, wonderful, perfectly wonderful! Why, you know, I have had a great many troubles, Mr. Harriman,"—(I

have been very much gratified that most of you have called me "Doctor")—"I have had a great many troubles in my life, a great many disappointments and a great many sorrows, and it was one day last Lent when I felt as if the struggle were no longer worth while, as if I could not possibly live on another day, that I went into St. Thomas' Church and I heard the Rector. I came out on the wings of the morning, my faith was restored, my hope renewed I knew everything would work out all right."

I asked, "What did he say?"

"Oh, I don't remember. I haven't the slightest idea," she replied.

Now, it is nothing against the Rector of St. Thomas' that one cannot remember some years after what he had to say on a certain occasion. I know from my own experience it is very difficult to get parishioners to remember from Sunday to Sunday what I say! But the remarkable thing is that the inspiration he gave that woman lasted. So I feel that we are very fortunate indeed to have as one of our speakers one whose inspirational power is such that, after the words he speaks have been forgotten, the inspiration will remain.

Surely, it is not necessary to introduce to you one who is known for his universal courtesy, his generous and kindly spirit, his ability in the pulpit, for his services to the church at large, and above all, perhaps as "The Rector of St. Thomas'." (Applause.)

Rev. Dr. ERNEST M. STIRES: Mr. Rector, my dear Bishop, ladies and gentlemen—I am profoundly grateful for these kind words. Perhaps I like them all the more because I know that I do not deserve them.

I must take great care that on this occasion, at any rate, I do not send you out "on the wings of the morning." (Laughter.) I observe that the suggestion is carried unanimously. (Laughter.)

May I tell you, first of all, that the greatest reason why I am here is because I feel at home. I feel as though I were one of you, perhaps even more so than the colored brother from my native state of Virginia, who on one

occasion, having to his great distress been inconveniently discovered in a white man's chicken coop, heard the voice of the man, who had missed his chickens for several nights and on this night was in a condition of preparedness. The owner stalked out toward the coop carrying his gun, and crying three times "Who is there?" Getting no reply he said, "If you do not answer, I will shoot," and then there came a faint sound,—“Boss, there ain't nobody here but us chickens.” (Laughter.)

Now, we are all here, and we are all at home, and we are all chickens, and I am not sure but that the youngest of all the chickens is the one here by my side (Dr. Battershall).

But another reason why I feel thoroughly at home here is, my brother, that in a sense I am almost your parishioner, and belong for a good part of the year—I sometimes am tempted to think the *best* part, if not the largest part—under the supervision of your Bishop, because I have had the good taste to make my summer home in this diocese. Up there on the shores of Lake George my two younger boys were born, born in this diocese. I feel very grateful for that, and because of my associations with the country just north of you and the pleasure and interest I have had in passing through this city so often, and because of close and affectionate associations with dear Dr. Battershall and Bishop Doane and Bishop Nelson for so many years back, I feel thoroughly at home, and I am quite sure that you will believe me when I tell you that I do not come for your sake at all, but thoroughly to enjoy myself.

And yet often in my summer home on Lake George I have thought of St. Peter's. Naturally I began to study the region which played an important part in the history of our country, and all the roads in those early days led to Albany.

When I began to trace all the great trails, off here to the west, off to the north, into the great woods, off toward Lake George, all of them practically going right by the door of the first St. Peter's, and when I thought of the tragedy that laid low the brilliant young Lord Howe, having its final act in the reverent laying away of his remains

in the crypt of St. Peter's Church, all of my thoughts of the history of that north country seemed to bring me back here to St. Peter's and the great part it had played in the early history of our land, and particularly of this part of it.

And then I like to think of the privilege the Parish had in those early days of building upon such splendid foundations as were afforded by good English blood and good Dutch blood. They were heroic souls, those English, with their splendid traditions; and not less heroic, those determined old Hollanders. What an amazing little country Holland has been! What a great fight they have always maintained and how that fight has developed them! Seizing their little kingdom from the threatening, greedy grasp of Neptune himself, holding it against the ocean, holding it against all the nations; and although other small nations have been somewhat unceremoniously treated on the continent of Europe, the Hollander is still on guard, and they show no disposition to disturb him. (Applause.)

And so I think that you are most fortunate, Mr. Rector, in having your Parish built upon such splendid foundations in those early days. As Mr. Stetson has so beautifully told you tonight, you have behind you "two centuries of distinguished service," for I cannot help thinking of that adjective in connection with the history of St. Peter's for two hundred years past. It has been a distinguished past, distinguished for more reasons than your patience would suffer you to hear tonight. It has had the advantage of great leaders, and it has the present advantage of having one of the greatest of them all still with them, one whose life with them has measured more than one-fifth of those two centuries. (Applause).

While I think, with congratulations, of this distinguished past, I must confess I am far more impressed with your great, inspiring present. When I consider that, there comes to me at once a picture from that Testament of which Mr. Stetson was speaking, and of one of the most striking stories in that Testament,—Jacob, the young man, going out to make his way in the world, wondering what fortune should come to him, what should the future hold, counting over his equipment, measuring himself against all

the changes and chances which he knew were inevitable. While he thinks and wonders and hopes, he falls asleep, and a vision is vouchsafed him, angels ascending and descending a ladder that was raised towards the heavens. I think of it for two reasons in connection with your inspiring present; because, first of all, that picture suggests two qualities absolutely essential in your success as an important part of a great Church, and I think of them because I find them markedly present in your Parish as I know it today. Consider that ladder. You know there are three positions in which you can place a ladder. One is to let it lie flat on the ground; another is to suspend it in the air; and the other is the natural and useful method, with one end upon the ground and the other aloft, that one may climb. There are some people who undoubtedly were intended to be leaders, but, with no vision other than that of the grossest materialism, they lie prone upon the ground. They never get beyond what they call the practical method; they are moved by no great inspirations.

There are others, unfortunately, who are a little like a ladder completely suspended in air. They have no practical foundation at all, they are mere visionaries. But there are others standing as men should stand, with their feet planted upon the solid, practical earth, and their heads up in the higher air to catch inspirations of things greater than this earth can teach.

Now, it is because I find those two notes in your Parish, and because I am acquainted with your Parish of today better than that of the two hundred years past, that I am disposed particularly to emphasize these two adjectives: practical and spiritual. I knew your Rector to be such a man when he was in the diocese of New York,—he was constructive, helpful, progressive, and yet always a man of devotion, of spirituality; practical, yet able to catch the higher inspirations which alone can make the progress worth while. And I find it not merely in your Rector, but in your laity and, therefore, I am disposed to believe it must be a characteristic of the Parish.

A distinguished layman of the Church, a distinguished layman of St. Peter's Parish, Albany, was a lay deputy

from this diocese to our recent General Convention. He presented a very remarkable report one day. Every line of that report rang with important practicalness, and the whole Church listened. It was the report of the "Committee on Business Methods in the Church." "Ah, what a change," St. Paul would say, when the church is undertaking really to conform to genuine, constructive business methods! There was tremendous applause, in spite of the rule of the House that applause was not permissible, when that report was presented. That same layman, I find on a later occasion, presented the report of another committee, and what do you suppose it was this time?—on the Revision of the Hymnal. He isn't merely a business man, for now he is dealing with the hymnology of the Church, the songs that are to inspire her people through the years to come, and those "who toil along life's weary way with painful steps and slow," and help them to look for "glad and golden hours;"—the hymnal of the Church, to convert, to strengthen and to inspire. Your Mr. Pruyn presenting the report on business methods in the Church, and then presenting the report for the committee that gave us the new hymnal, suggested to me at once the solid practicalness on the one hand, and the aspiration and inspiration on the other, which are the two essentials of any great Parish or a great church. (Applause.)

Now will you permit me to say a word to you about what I feel convinced is to be your still greater future? You have a splendid equipment. I wonder if you realize how splendid it is in every regard. Your assets, real, personal, and spiritual, are very great. No wonder the Church is expecting much of you, and it is; and it cannot help it after the story of your Bicentennial goes out. And it is good for us that people expect much of us; it is good for us to remember that they do. But be sure you realize how splendid your equipment is. You will be enabled through the generous provision of one of your members to do more for the cause of humanity than before. There are those here in this city and in the diocese who are going to be blessed more than ever before through St. Peter's.

I like on your coat of arms that exquisite legend of St.

Peter that we find there in the reversed cross, and I happen to think just here of another story of St. Peter. I do not know whether the people of St. Peter's Church, Albany, happen to be acquainted with it. The legend runs that one day St. Peter and the others were going with the Master from a little town on the shore of the Sea of Galilee into the country back from the sea. They crossed a large field filled with stones, and the Master said, "If every one who crossed this field took only a stone out of it, soon all the stones would be removed, and the labor of the man who has to till the field would be much lighter. At the suggestion each picked up a stone, but it was a warm day, possibly, and Simon Peter did not care to be burdened with a heavy one, and so he took the smallest he could find. When they reached the other side of the field they rested under the shade of a tree, and the Master said, "It is time to eat, sit down." They replied, "Master, we have no food." He raised His hand, and the stones became bread; but Simon Peter's luncheon was extremely small. Later in the afternoon they returned toward the town across the field, and again each picked up a stone, but Simon Peter's was the largest. When they came to the seaside the Master said, "Cast your stones into the sea, lest any man think that we have been serving for reward and not for love." And the legend says that that day Simon Peter fasted long and learned much. (Laughter and applause.)

But you are going to have such a large equipment, you are going to be able to take so many difficulties out of your neighbor's way, that I am sure that the needs of humanity, not merely in this vicinity, but in regions far distant from this, are going to feel the impact of the impulses that shall come from your loving hearts.

But I think not only of what you may do generally for the cause of humanity. I cannot help remembering that we of New York City must expect a great deal of help, and I say it in the presence of the distinguished Acting Governor tonight; that we must expect a great deal from you in your influence upon good legislation. You have an unrivalled opportunity. The echoes of what is said and done in St. Peter's will reach the Capitol, or they ought to.

Some of you may remember that our distinguished and witty friend, Mr. Lewis of Philadelphia, in the closing hours of the General Convention said that the Episcopal Church had this year put prayer to the supreme test by proposing to put into the prayer book a prayer for legislatures. (Laughter.) He did not doubt the efficacy of it, but he gave us a picture of some of his ruminations when he passed by legislative halls where he said, "I often observed on the outside the ancient leaders done in bronze, and on the inside the present leaders in brass." (Laughter.)

I cannot help thinking, sir, that in this day when there are so many good causes appealing to us, and the number of our practical activities has so increased that we sometimes lose sight of that which is the secret and the only inspiration of all the really permanent good we can ever do or can ever have,—the ability to realize quite literally the truth that greets us in God's house that "the Lord is in His holy temple," and that His faithful soldiers are there to salute, to report, to honor him, and to take orders; that we are there to do what the Brotherhood of St. Andrew some years ago so admirably provided in its two simple rules, the rule of prayer and the rule of service; first to kneel and pray, and then to rise and work. Because if we really pray we will go to work; and so all that we are going to be and all we are going to do is dependent upon the absolute reality of our religion, and our being able to see our living Leader in His house, when we kneel before Him for forgiveness for the past, and for consecration for the future.

I remember that a milk man in Connecticut once was stopped out on the road by a lady hailing him, a maiden lady of certain age. She called him back while she tasted the milk and said, "It is just as I thought; it was sour yesterday, sour the day before, and sour today." He said, "Madam, I am extremely sorry. I have only one question to ask you. Is the milk perfectly good in other respects?" (Laughter.) You know and I know, and it doesn't hurt us to remind each other of it, that the test comes every night when we go back to headquarters to report for the day; and when we will not take up the King's work on the morrow

with unclean hands, but first ask the Master Himself to send us forth; at such times and whenever in His house we kneel before Him, it is the reality of it all that makes splendid things possible in us and through us.

Do you happen to remember those lines that George Eliot wrote, and in which she puts some words into the mouth of Stradivarius, the greatest maker of violins the world has ever known? Stradivarius is represented as saying,

“When any master holds twixt head and chin
A violin of mine, he will be glad
That Stradivari lived, made violins
And made them of the best . . .
. . . For while God gave them skill,
I gave them instruments to play upon,
God using me to help Him . . .
. . . If my hand slack'd,
I should rob God, . . .
Leaving a blank behind, instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.”

So God has decreed that His wise plans for the world cannot be fulfilled without our help.

Now, sir, it is because I feel so sure that this means to you what it must mean to us all, that I am disposed to ask you to forgive me for attempting to be, first for my own sake, a bit serious on such an occasion as this. It isn't fair to you. Perhaps I have scarcely any better right to ask for mercy for being so serious on a festive occasion than the man who, in Europe some year ago, murdered his father and mother and then asked clemency of the court on the ground that he was an orphan. (Laughter.)

But I know what it is to have a great equipment. I know what it is to have a sense of responsibility and a strategic location. I know what it is to have a beautiful church, and people with great power and influence, and how much depends upon the clear vision and the purity of mind and heart of that officer of the army of Christ who stands there as leader. I know what it means. Sir, yours is an inspiring ancestry. Your founders were patriots. Many of them were great heroes; one consecration after another has made your St. Peter's Church holier and holier. Therefore, knowing something of the character of those of

the present and being certain that God is going to lead us into greater things than this world has ever yet known, I am convinced that your greater centuries are before you.

“ The stars indeed are old, but life is young,
That in earth’s ruddy morning-time first sung
Its salutation to the radiant dawn;
The yesterday of life seems hardly gone.

“ So new is man’s still unrecorded day,
Whose noon is yet, perchance, so far away
That his endeavors, only just begun,
May change the scene before the setting sun.

“ No past, but some far future, holds the key
To that firm door that bars eternity;
Its secrets sleep in aims still unfulfilled,
In deeds undone, but yet not all unwilled.

“ So turn we once again to our great task;
A little more of life is all we ask;
Spread all the canvas, every sail unfurled,
To help complete this still unfinished world.”

Upon St. Peter’s part in this high undertaking may God’s blessing rest, upon its valiant young leader, upon every member of this historic Parish ! (Applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER: We greatly appreciate the gift that Dr. Stires has of making himself immediately one of us, but I thought as he spoke that perhaps he didn’t know quite so much about St. Peter’s Church with reference to the Capitol as some of the rest of us do.

The next speaker is Bishop Lawrence. (Applause.)

Right Reverend WILLIAM LAWRENCE: Bishop Nelson, Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen—Frankly, when I come to Albany, Bishop Doane is in my mind. I can’t get rid of him, and perhaps I can tell you two little anecdotes which you have not heard before. Indeed I think nobody has heard them except myself and one or two others.

After Mrs. Doane died I came here from Boston on my way to New York, and passed the afternoon with him. In the course of conversation, knowing how feeble he was, I hinted that perhaps he would now leave the diocese in the

hands of the Bishop of whom he had spoken so lovingly, and go down to New York and live with his daughter. He spoke up very quickly and said, "Lawrence, God has blessed me with fifty years of happiness with my wife, and now that she is gone, I am going to play the man." And he did. He stood by his post and did his work. The last time that he went out, it was two days before his death, he was at the Board of Missions—I helped him to the street, put him into the taxi, and said to the driver, "Drive carefully, there is little left."

On the other hand, one day we were sitting at dinner, a little company of us, and were speaking of confidences, when the Bishop said, "Of course, every clergyman has confidences given him. He cannot mention them and does not mention them to others, not even to his wife." Mrs. Doane spoke up, "Yes," she said, "William never tells me anything, but he can't keep anything from me." (Laughter.)

It is a great pleasure for me to be here, sitting as I do between an old friend, Dr. Battershall, whom I love and of whom I have often said that among other fine qualities he is a master of a beautiful English style. (Applause.) On my left is one of my boys. All the good sermons that Harriman preaches, lay to me. (Laughter.) I must say that for several years I had a suspicion as to whether he was fitted for the ministry. I wrote him two or three times and questioned him. Why? Because he started for the ministry, and then he seemed, having put his hand to the plow, to turn back, for he went into business, and he stayed in business long enough to make me suspicious that his heart was not in the ministry. When he came back from business, he showed in the first place that personal considerations compelled him to go there, and in the next place that he was not content and he could not be content with mere business, for the call to the ministry kept echoing and summoned him back. We know that those experiences with his ladder upon the ground of practical work, help to keep the ladder solid and firm as he moves upward in the ministry towards higher and finer realms.

Now, he has said that he wants me to speak on church pensions. I protested the other day in the diocese of



THE RT. REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, D. D.
Former Rector of St. Peter's Church and First Bishop of Albany

Massachusetts that I did not wish to be associated altogether with church pensions, as if I had only one idea, and I told them over there that I was the Bishop of Massachusetts and I wanted them to know it. Now, here I have such sympathy with the interest and history of St. Peter's that I break away from these with hesitation, but I am going to obey the behest of the Rector, and it may be, link up for a very few minutes what I have in hand with St. Peter's as a typical parish.

There were two elements in the life of the church and of society which were not recognized a hundred years ago but which have gradually emerged in our social and industrial life. The communities and the villages were small, and there was a personal relation between all the people so that when trouble or poverty came into a home there was the mutual neighborly helpfulness among the people. Whether it came to the old doctor or the old parson or the old laborer, somehow or other the hand and the heart of charity helped them along until they fell into the grave. It was beautiful.

Now, the cities have become large, the villages have grown to towns, that personal relationship is gone. The modern employer of hundreds of men and women cannot have the touch with his employees that enables him to make the days of their old age easier. There is, however, emerging from this industrial and social era a consciousness of justice to the workers in their old age. Given the conditions as they are, the great body of the workers of today are going to pass from six to eight years of their old age as non-wage earners. Are we content, whether a man be a millhand or a conductor on the railroad, a clerk in a bank, a school teacher in our town, a policeman on the beat, an officer in the navy, are we content to take the best of his life blood from the time that he is twenty to sixty years of age, and then when he gets to old age, in those last few years, throw him out upon charity? Or have we not that sense of justice which has arisen and is being expressed in various forms of organization for pensions and life insurance—so to plan that while the man is doing his best work we may set aside something for him or enable him to set

something aside so that when he reaches old age he can pass his last years with the same self-respect on a deferred salary, as that with which he has passed his years of active service?

Hence, in all walks of life the rising sense of justice is creating systems which enable the aged to pass their later years in quietness and serenity, and what is even more important enable the employees to have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their part in helping the old men to pass their years in serenity.

Now apply this thought to the Church. Do we Christian people want to have our Rector, who is giving his life for us and building up the Parish, pass through those years of tragedy when he knows he is too old to do the work, he sees the Parish falling to pieces but he cannot get out lest he fall upon charity, and because the old men clog the Church at the top the young men are held back from their best work.

Now, that has been going on in all lines of life. It went on in the army and navy until the pension systems were created. Now, the nation with a sense of justice, as well as a desire for efficiency, sees to it that those who serve her in active and dangerous service at least shall be seen through to the grave.

More than that. We have ceased to be parochial. We are no longer villages and towns; we are connected together not only by the electric wires, but by various banking, commercial and educational systems, by all kinds of social relations, so that we find ourselves knit together physically, geographically, socially, industrially, politically as a great and firm nation. Every village has its relation to every other village, to the commonwealth and to the nation. We cannot escape it, so that St. Peter's Parish can no longer be as it was a century ago, simply an Albany Parish. St. Peter's is now a part of the great body of the Church, knit together with every other parish, with every diocese and the whole Church. It gives and it receives inspiration. That conception of the national idea knits us together, as a body of laity and clergy, and in the creation of the pension system that principle and sentiment of a national church enters.

Thus each parish puts its pension premiums into the hands of the national church, and the church receiving that money holds it in trust, to be returned to the parish as a part of the national church. Thus through the system we are all welded together in one great national body.

If an Albany rector today is called to Arkansas he will, if he goes, leave a diocese with endowments to help him in old age and to aid his widow, to enter a diocese which cannot give such aid. He is human, he thinks of his wife and children and hesitates. But given a national system, it matters not whether he is in Arkansas or in Albany, wherever he is his parish lays up in the National Church Treasury his pension.

These two conceptions, the deep sense of justice and the consciousness of the nationality of the church are so alive in people's thoughts today that when this pension system is put before them they seize it with surprising avidity. I never knew anything like the way in which the laymen, the strongest laymen and women throughout this country have leaped to the idea.

People congratulate me because something has been done. It isn't I, nor is it the ingenuity of the thing. It is a common sense of justice on the part of the great body of the people. We pension our army and our navy officers, we pension our police, we pension our school teachers, we pension our bank officers, we pension our railroad employees, we all do this under a sense of justice. The church preaches justice, and the church lags behind business in the application of justice.

Now, we as business men and as members of Christ's church, are determined to put the church in the van. (Applause.)

It is, as I say again, because it strikes that fundamental sense of justice that this thing moves. I wish I could tell you (and I could carry you, as Dr. Stires says that he will not, into the morning hours) the delightful stories of the responses. Let me tell you two or three, and there are samples galore.

I call on a gentleman and find he is down South. A churchman happening to meet him in the South tells him

about the pension fund. He comes back and writes a letter to a mutual friend, "I have heard of the church pension fund. I should be glad to see Bishop Lawrence. I expect to make a very modest contribution."

I go to his office. "Can I talk to you ten minutes?"

He listens patiently, sympathetically, that's all. I leave a pledge.

In a few days he comes up to the office.

"Bishop, what do you want done with this pledge?"

"Anything you please."

"Do you want the money now or later?"

"Any time—this is liberty hall—do what you please."

"But if I have the money do you want it?"

"Just as is most convenient to you."

"I have the money in the bank; why shouldn't you take it?" He sits down, signs his pledge for \$100,000. In an hour the check is in the office.

I say, "My dear sir, it isn't the size of the gift. It is the graciousness of the giver." He answers, "Bishop, I have the money. It is a pleasure to me. When I find something that I believe is right and just, I thank a person for giving me the opportunity. It is a pleasure."

I called upon a lady on Fifth Avenue, upon another subject, but she started in with, "What shall I give to the church pension fund?"

I said, "I didn't come in about the church pension fund, you are generous, you always do your part, I am not going to say a word. Whenever the time comes for you to give, you will do what is right."

Two or three months after I dropped in for a cup of tea. She began again. "Bishop, can people give so much a year for a certain number of years?"

I said, "My dear lady, I dropped in for a cup of tea, I am not going to talk business, I don't use my social friendship to talk business."

"But," she answered, "I am talking business." Then I said, "You are responsible." "Very good. Can I give something every year for several years?" "Certainly." "Then I will give \$10,000 a year for the next five years."

Fifteen thousand dollars has to come in every day. Fifteen hundred dollars an hour for a ten-hour working day. Forty-five hundred dollars has run by since I have been sitting at this table.

I received a letter the other day written in pencil, very badly spelled. "My dear sir, I have heard something about pensioning ministers. I am a poor working woman. I enclose a dollar, and I want to say I will give a dollar every year as long as I earn wages." Every day a list is laid before me of individual gifts running from thirty cents up to \$25,000. It may be from Arkansas, it may be from Texas, it may be from Massachusetts, gifts right out of the clouds and right out of the hearts of the people.

Now, during the past three weeks I have been in thirteen cities in the West and South. Everywhere I go there is interest, depth of enthusiasm and responsibility, and I come back. Mrs. Lawrence asks, "How much money?" "Not a dollar."

"What did you go for?"

"I went to have a good time," and it is a good time to meet so many happy, generous and responsive people. I go to create an atmosphere, that is all. I am content. The response is going to come. The great difficulty I have is in keeping people from giving quickly. (Laughter.) It is perfectly true. I called on a gentleman the other day. I saw that he was going to respond, as he usually does. He was just about going to say, "I will give," when I said, "My dear sir, don't say anything. You think it over." He was going to give \$500. I will bet he will give \$5,000 in two weeks, after he has had time to think. (Laughter.)

There is no jugglery about it. It is because he thinks it over and he sees how big it is. It grows upon him. I did not mean to go on in this way, but it is so interesting.

I was in Richmond last week. There was a big dinner and great enthusiasm. Yesterday a leading layman of Richmond came into the office and said, "Bishop, there has not been a dinner as big or enthusiasm as great in the history of the diocese; and he added, "I am going to talk pensions in different churches all over the state, and the point I am going to make is this: The \$5,000,000 is coming

sure, but woe to Virginia if she is left out. She must come in quick."

There is no question in my mind that the money is going to come before the first of March if we all pull together. The only question is as to who are going to get in. Why, I have been in touch with the whole country today. We have the free use of the Western Union Telegraph wires. We have the free use of the American Telephone wires after four o'clock in the afternoon, for this thing has struck the sense of justice of the industrial leaders. We have inquiries from industrial organizations and from the great churches as to our system. They are looking to us for leadership.

Pension systems are going bankrupt all over this country. The Minneapolis school teachers system called on me. They were bankrupt. The Detroit system also. Every pension system of the City of New York is bankrupt.

The man who has been unravelling the pension systems of New York under Mayor Mitchell was in our office a few months ago, and said, "You are the first organization in the world to begin a pension system in the beginning. You are the first organization in the world that has had the courage to face the facts and gather together the accrued liabilities before you began business."

That is worth while, it is an example in behalf of justice, and whatever one may say of efficiency, or even of charity, justice is greatest. Let the minister have fair play with the rest of the people.

Now, coming back. How does it touch the future of St. Peter's Church? Here is our Rector today (others to come in succession) we are going, while he is ministering to us and burying our dear ones, to do our part to see him and his widow through to the grave; and more than that, we are going to have such confidence in the National Church that we put our payments for his pension into her hands. She will care for it, let it out at interest, and return it in pensions to us. Thus the whole people have their part in the great support of the aged clergy, their widows and their orphans. We hope that every man, woman and child will give their dollar, their dime, if they cannot give it altogether this year, then one, two, three, five years, let

them give it, for in so doing they will have made an investment, and the man who has put a dollar in the pension system today is going to put seven cents into it next year in order to see that his dollar does its work.

Now, all this may seem to be very mundane. Far from it. The fundamental motive is that the ministry may work and preach with serenity, with freedom from anxiety, with a consciousness that they are being justly treated, and although they may ask for no more than that, they may support their families and do their work well, and see themselves decently to the grave. In the doing of this the comfortable Gospel of Christ will be preached with greater power and will melt into our hearts because we have tried to be just. (Applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER: There is one here from whom if you didn't hear a word, you would go away greatly disappointed,—one whom you have come to honor in connection with this anniversary. I am going to ask Dr. Battershall to say just a word in response to the speeches that have been made, and a word to you. (Applause.)

DR. BATTERSHALL: Your welcome, my friends, touches me very deeply, and I thank you for all that has been said at this table, and what also I know is in the hearts of those who sit around the tables.

I am afraid that my loyal friend, your Rector, has not carefully read the Articles of Religion printed at the end of the Prayer Book. There is one article—I forget the number of it—which discourages, indeed it positively prohibits, works of supererogation. (Laughter.) And I feel that any word that I can say tonight, after all we have heard this evening, is plainly and precisely a work of supererogation.

I felt most keenly, not only the fraternal words of my friend, Mr. Stetson, who, I may say, is the lawyer of the General Convention in this Church in the United States, and who comes into his own when he comes to this Diocese, and also the inspiring words of my young friend, the Rector of St. Thomas' Church, New York, whom it is a joy to see, whose hand it is helpful to grasp.

And then last of all as I listened to the words of the Bishop,—the great Bishop of Massachusetts, I want to say, and, having said it, I will not withdraw it—as I listened to him it seemed to me that he had found a word that described the spirit, the motive, the purpose of this age in which we live. That word is Justice. On that word he hinged this colossal pension system of the Church, for which he so eloquently pleaded. This age is sometimes called a commercial age, an industrial age, a mercenary age, a money getting and a money seeking age. But it has its ideals. There is one thing about our commercial accent and organization of life: I think it does bring out strong and foremost the sense of justice. In the long run it works for righteousness and fair play. The Bishop of Massachusetts has found the word which speaks the conscience of today.

As I look around these tables, every one, it seems to me, is a familiar face. I have not seen all of them habitually, perhaps not at all, from the pulpit of St. Peter's, but they are friends of St. Peter's, they desire to pay her honor and show their love of St. Peter's, and so I want to tell you something. I think that she carries her two centuries very handsomely. (Applause.) I see you concur in my impression.

For thirty-seven years I became more and more acquainted with St. Peter's Church in Albany. I knew what it represented. I knew its point of view. I gave it my heart and the work that comes from the heart. During those thirty-seven years it seems as if I held in my hand a chalice, and into that chalice the wine was pressed from the grapes of your love and loyalty and trust.

I love St. Peter's Church for what she stands for. I love her for what she works for. I love her for her sweet and noble motherhood. (Great applause.)

The banquet closed with the singing of the Doxology.

As a result of Madam Culp's singing the following correspondence passed between Mr. Frederick E. Wadhams and his excellency, the Minister from the Netherlands:



FRANK SILL ROGERS, Mus. D.
Organist and Choirmaster since 1892

Albany, N. Y., 78 Chapel Street, November 27, 1916

To his Excellency,
Chevalier W. L. F. C. VAN RAPPARD,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—

During the past week St. Peter's Church of this city has been celebrating her two hundredth anniversary with religious and social observances.

On Thursday evening a large dinner was given which was attended by the clergy, members of the parish and prominent citizens of this city and vicinity.

It happened that Mme. Julie Culp of Holland was giving a recital on the same evening in this city and at the urgent request of the committee in charge of the celebration she consented to sing three songs at our dinner after the concert. Our Rector, who presided at the dinner, said, "Mme. Culp's sweet graciousness has added a touch to the occasion which only the music of a great artist can give."

As evidence of our appreciation of Mme. Culp's great kindness, we beg leave to send you the enclosed check, the amount to be used in accordance with Mme. Culp's wish for the Red Cross work now being carried on in Holland.

With an assurance of our high regard, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

FREDERICK E. WADHAMS,
For the Bicentennial Committee.

KONINKLYK GEZANTSCHAP DER NEDERLANDEN

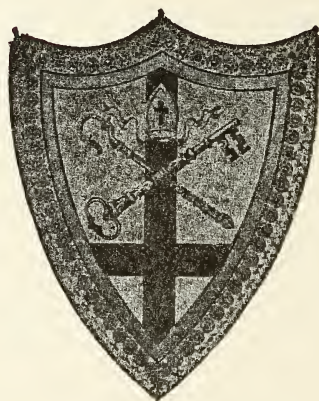
Washington, D. C., December 13, 1916

In reply to your letter of 11th instant I beg to inform you that I have received with thanks your check for \$100,—being the proceedings of a recital of Madame Julie Culp, destined for the Red Cross work in Holland. Madame Culp has also written to me about this remittance. I shall not fail to transmit this money in accordance with your and her wishes.

The Minister from the Netherlands,
W. L. F. C. VAN RAPPARD.

Mr. FREDERICK E. WADHAMS,
78 Chapel Street, Albany, N. Y.

The Order of Service
for the
Two Hundredth Anniversary
of the
First Service Held in St. Peter's Church
in the City of Albany



Saturday, November 25, 1916

Eleven o'clock



Rev. Charles C. Harriman, Rector

The Order of Service



Organ Prelude in E flat (St. Ann's) - - - —*Bach*

Rendered by Walter Henry Hall, Organist at St. Peter's
Church, Albany, 1890-1892, and now Professor of Choral
Music at Columbia University.

Processional Hymn 311

Solemn Te Deum - - - - - —*Lutkin*

The Office of the Holy Communion

(According to the Book of Common Prayer, page 221.)

<i>Kyrie</i> <i>Credo</i> <i>Sanctus</i> <i>Benedictus</i> <i>Agnus Dei</i> <i>Gloria in Excelsis</i>	}	in E - - - - - — <i>Jordan</i>
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The Collect Preceding the Epistle and Gospel

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast in all ages showed forth Thy power and mercy in the preservation of Thy Church and in the protection of all those who put their trust in Thee: Grant that the people of this Parish may show forth their thankfulness and praise for all Thy mercies by dedicating themselves anew to Thy service, and by such a love toward Thee, that they loving Thee above all things may obtain Thy promises which exceed all that they can desire; through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

The Epistle Hebrews xi: 32-40

The Gospel St. Matthew v. 1-12

A Bidding Prayer

This prayer follows the Nicene Creed and is to be said by the Bishop, the People standing; after which the Bishop shall say the Lord's Prayer, the People repeating it with him.

YE shall pray for Christ's Holy Catholic Church, dispersed throughout the world, and especially for the Church in the United States of America.

And herein I request you most expressly to pray for the President of the United States of America; for the Ministers of God's Holy Word and Sacraments throughout this Land; for the Governor, and Legislature, and the Judges of this State; and for the Mayor, the Aldermen, and the People of this City.

The Order of Service



Finally ye shall bless God for the two hundred years of prayer and activity with which He has blessed this Parish; for all those which are departed out of this Life in the Faith of Christ who were members of this Parish; and for those who have served the Parish faithfully as Rectors in times past:

THOMAS BARCLAY
JOHN MILNE
HENRY BARCLAY
JOHN OGILVIE
THOMAS BROWN
HARRY MUNRO
THOMAS ELLISON
FREDERICK BEASLEY

TIMOTHY CLOWES
WILLIAM B. LACEY
HORATIO POTTER
THOMAS CLAPP PITKIN
WILLIAM F. WILSON
WILLIAM TATLOCK
WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE
WILLIAM A. SNIVELY

Hymn 418

Sermon by the Rev. William Thomas Manning, D. D.
Rector of Trinity Church, New York City

Offertory Anthem - - - - - —*Brahms*

HOW lovely is Thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts! For my soul it longeth, yea fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my soul and body crieth out, yea for the living God. Blest are they that dwell within Thy house, they praise Thy name evermore!

Prayer for the Church Militant

After the prayer for the Church Militant the Bishop of Albany will proceed with the Communion Service, assisted by the Clergy of St. Peter's Church.

All are requested to remain throughout the Celebration of the Holy Communion, but it is expected that only the Clergy within the Chancel and the Churchwardens and Vestrymen will Receive at this service.

Closing Prayers and Benediction



Nunc Dimittis - - - - - —*Gregorian*

Recessional Hymn 176

Historical Notes



- 1704 First Church of England Service held in Albany
1709 First English Congregation formed
1712 Queen Anne presented Communion Service
1714 Queen Anne granted Land Patent
1715 Building of first St. Peter's Church
1716 First Service held in St. Peter's Church
1758 Remains of Lord Howe buried in St. Peter's
1769 King George the Third granted Charter of Incorporation
1803 Second Edifice erected
1850 The Rector, Dr. Horatio Potter, elected Provisional Bishop of New York
1859 Present Edifice erected
1868 Primary Convention of the Diocese of Albany held in St. Peter's Church
The Rector, Dr. William Crosswell Doane, elected First Bishop of Albany
1869 The Rev. Dr. Doane consecrated in St. Peter's Church
1915 Lord Howe Memorial Tablet dedicated
1916 Bicentennial Celebration



Rectors of St. Peter's Church in the City of Albany

- 1708-1725 The Rev. THOMAS BARCLAY
1726-1737 The Rev. JOHN MILNE
1738-1746 The Rev. HENRY BARCLAY, D. D.
1750-1764 The Rev. JOHN OGILVIE, D. D.
1764-1768 The Rev. THOMAS BROWN
1768-1777 The Rev. HARRY MUNRO
1787-1802 The Rev. THOMAS ELLISON
1803-1809 The Rev. FREDERICK BEASLEY, D. D.
1813-1817 The Rev. TIMOTHY CLOWES
1818-1832 The Rev. WILLIAM B. LACEY, D. D.
1833-1854 The Rt. Rev. HORATIO POTTER, D. D.
1856-1862 The Rev. THOMAS CLAPP PITKIN, D. D.
1862-1866 The Rev. WILLIAM T. WILSON
1863-1866 The Rev. WILLIAM TATLOCK, D. D.
1867-1869 The Rt. Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, D. D.
1870-1874 The Rev. WILLIAM A. SNIVELY, D. D.
1874-1911 *The Rev. WALTON W. BATTERSHALL, D. D.
1912 The Rev. CHARLES C. HARRIMAN

*Made Rector Emeritus 1911

The Bicentennial Sermon

Preached on Sunday, November 25, 1916, the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the day when the first service was held in St. Peter's Church by the Rev. William T. Manning, D.D., Rector of Trinity Parish, New York City.

His eyes were as a flame of fire, and His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and His voice as the sound of many waters, and He had in His right hand seven stars, and out of His mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword, and His countenance was as the sun shineth in His strength.—*Revelation*, 1:14, 15, 16.

The occasion which brings us here this morning is one of great interest to this Diocese, and to the Church at large. We are gathered to commemorate the first service held in St. Peter's Church, Albany, two hundred years ago today. When this venerable and famous Parish was founded, Trinity Church, New York, had been in existence less than twenty years, and the bonds between the two Parishes were very close. You gave us our second Rector, Henry Barclay, whose name holds high and honorable place in our annals, and hanging in our vestry room there is a fine painting, by Copley, of another of your Rectors, the Rev. John Ogilvie, who was a most esteemed member of our staff of clergy from 1764 until the day of his death.

At the time your Parish began its life, New York was a town of a few thousand people, and Albany a frontier post for trade among the Indians. These two centuries that have passed have seen amazing changes and developments.

Those who attended that first service in St. Peter's Church little dreamed that at your two hundredth anniversary this country would be covered from the Atlantic to the Pacific with a population of more than one hundred

million people; that Albany and New York would be only three hours' ride apart; that the human voice would make itself heard with ease across this continent; that battles would be fought by men flying in the sky; and that our isolation from the old world would be ended by the passage to our shores of vessels, both of war and commerce, traveling invisible beneath the surface of the seas.

It is not my part at this anniversary to speak of the past. That has already been brought before you by one preeminently qualified to tell of it. You wish me today to bring some message as to the present and the future. I propose, therefore, to speak of that which is of grave concern both to the Church and to the Nation, and as to which I think the Church ought now to be speaking to our people in trumpet tones.

At this anniversary service, on this significant occasion, here in the Capital of our great Empire State, I wish to speak of the need of a higher spirit of patriotism in our land. I wish to do this not from any political view-point, but simply as an American citizen, who cares for his country, and as a preacher of the truth, who must declare that which he believes men need to hear.

I fear that in our country as a whole, there is at the present time a perceptible lowering of our national tone, and weakening of our national spirit. Our state of mind and soul is due to a number of causes. It is due in part to our mixed population, which includes vast numbers of people who are not yet assimilated to our national life. It is, in my judgment, due also to the fact that in this time of crisis we have not as a nation risen to the measure of our opportunity. We have failed to take moral leadership in the world when it clearly devolved upon us to do so. We have shrunk from fully meeting the great issues of the past two years, as these have come to us, and as a result our moral vision is somewhat obscured.

And I believe that our present lack of national spirit is due also in part to a vast amount of well-meant, but mistaken, and harmful, and essentially un-Christian, teaching which declares that peace is the supreme end of life, the one thing to be preserved by any means, and at all

cost. Christianity does not teach that the chief aim of life is to escape pain and suffering. Peace is indeed a great and blessed thing, to be inexpressibly prized, and preserved by every right and proper means. But right and truth and justice are far greater things, and they are the only foundations upon which true and lasting peace can rest.

Christianity teaches that whenever the choice comes between peace and these higher things, peace must unhesitatingly be sacrificed. Not one of us in this country wants war. We want to see every possible measure taken to lessen the likelihood of war and to remove its causes. But there are things which we may not sacrifice even for the sake of peace.

Let me speak of three things to which I believe we need as a people to be aroused.

1. We need a deeper realization of our fellowship with the world as a whole, and of our obligation to bear our part in it. We need a leadership which shall rouse us to feel our responsibility as the greatest of the neutral nations, and to bear our clear witness for the principles of civilization, and for the common rights of mankind.

We are passing through tremendous days for the world. More than one nation has found its soul in these two years past. But our country seems so far not to have been deeply touched. Individuals and groups are feeling the world's tragedy and giving heroic help, but our people generally are not moved by it. We are going on our way as usual, making more money, spending as lavishly as ever upon ourselves, apparently little concerned about the great moral principles involved in this world struggle, although these are as vital to our existence as to that of the peoples who are giving their lives for them. A strange apathy seems to have settled upon us. We hear with apparent unconcern of deeds which ought to shock and stir us to the depths of our being. Can we without grave and irreparable hurt to our own soul as a nation sit silent and unmoved in the face of these latest outrages now being committed against the defenceless men and women of Belgium? Have we no word to say against acts which violate the law of nations, the law of humanity and the law of God?

It is right that we should be neutral to the full limit of consistency with our principles and our ideals. But this does not require that we shall have no word to say in the face of wrong like this.

There are times when an absence of moral indignation is our most crushing condemnation. There are situations in which this means that righteousness and justice have come to have small value in our eyes, and that we care little about them. Our tolerance and impartiality on which we are so ready to pride ourselves may mean only indifference and unconcern as between right and wrong, between good and evil, between Christ and the things which deny and deride Him.

I say again that no true American wants war with any land. But I say also that against such crimes as some of those which have been, and are now being committed, our voice ought to be heard, for our own sakes and for the sake of mankind. I say that every true American would far rather that we should face the possibility of war, if this must be, than that we should prove unmindful of those principles of right, of freedom, and of humanity, upon which our life as a nation is founded and upon which the hope of the world depends.

2. We need a great reawakening of the spirit of discipline, of service, of responsibility and duty as citizens of this land.

There can be no such thing as high character in an individual or in a nation, there can be no such thing as a high and true national spirit, if personal advantage, money-making and self-indulgence come to be our ruling aims. In an atmosphere of mere commercialism, of extremes of poverty and riches, of social injustice and class antagonism, the spirit of patriotism dies. We ought all of us to stand for true simplicity of living and against luxurious extravagance, and colossal accumulations of wealth, as both un-American and un-Christian.

In every good citizen of a republic there must be something of the spirit of the soldier, the spirit of self-sacrifice, of self-discipline, of obedience to duty. Let me say again here what I have said recently elsewhere, that speaking not only from the standpoint of a citizen, but from the standpoint of a minister of religion, whose duty it is to advo-

cate only that which is for the highest moral and spiritual good of our people, I believe there is nothing that would be of such great practical benefit to us as universal military training for the men of our land. The assertion that this would lead us into militarism need not be seriously considered. This assertion is made by those who are opposed not only to militarism, but to any adequate measures for military preparedness. The danger of a democracy is not that it may be carried into militarism, but that it may be found unprepared to defend itself against militaristic aggression.

I advocate universal training because of its military effectiveness. It will make our land practically secure against invasion.

I advocate it because it is the only military system that is truly democratic. It puts all on one common footing. Its effect is a people trained and prepared for their own defense.

I advocate it because it will weld our nation together and help to make of our many races one united people.

I advocate it because of its moral and spiritual value. It will give us needed discipline. It will develop in us those high qualities of orderliness and system, of respect for authority, of obedience to law, which are not the strongest points in our national character. It will tend to make our young men better Americans, better citizens, and better Christians.

3. In order that our land may be worthy of her past and may play her true part in this time of world crisis, we need more than all else, a great religious awakening among our people. This is a time which calls every American who loves his country to take his stand openly for religion. There is a close and inseparable relation between true religion and true patriotism. The man who loves and serves his God is certain to be one who loves and serves his country. All through the history of the world we see this. The Bible is the greatest influence for patriotism the world has ever known.

But the religious situation in our country is a startling one. We have in this land some two hundred forms of religion and about half our population has given up going to church.

We need as a nation to be brought under the rule and leadership of Jesus Christ. Our American people in vast numbers do not know Him. They need the help of that sacramental religion which is set forth for us in the Prayer Book, which not only tells us the truth about Christ, but which brings us to the altar to kneel in His actual presence. To many of the people of our land, deprived, through no fault of their own, of that Sacramental help which He instituted and provided, Christ Himself has become little more than a name, a figure in past history, a vague moral ideal.

And I fear that we have helped to estrange men from Him and to make Him unreal to them by our partial and one-sided teaching about Him. We have too often presented to them a weakened Gospel and a merely mild and negative Christ. We have taught them to think of Him as the Man of Sorrows, the patient sufferer, the example only of gentleness and meekness. We have not taught them also to see in Him the Christ of Divine majesty and power, the One Whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and His feet like unto fine brass, Whose voice is as the sound of many waters, the One out of Whose mouth goes a two-edged sword, and Whose countenance is as the sun shineth in His strength.

We have dwelt too exclusively upon what may be called the more feminine side of the Christian religion. We have presented it as the Gospel of forbearance and patience, but not also as the Gospel of vigor and courage and strength. We need to hold up before men a more complete vision of Our Lord Jesus Christ. The Scriptures do indeed show Him to us as the Lamb of God, suffering willingly for the sins of the world, and we can never emphasize this truth too much. Its meaning is deeper and holier than any human words can express.

But the Scriptures also show Him to us as the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Conqueror from Edom coming with dyed garments from Bozrah; the One riding in triumph on the white horse, with His Name written on His thigh, "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." There is no contradiction between these two representations of Him. The figures which represent His gentleness are complemented and

completed by the figures which represent His strength. We must see the truth in each of them if we are to have before us a true vision of the Living Christ. He Whom we worship and follow is not only our Saviour, longing to forgive, He is also our Lord and King, righteous and swift to judge.

We have preached to men a soft Gospel of love without justice, of peace without righteousness, of salvation without the Cross. We have ignored the terrible declarations of the Gospel as to the punishment of sin. And one result of this is seen in the misguided and unbalanced teachings of ultra pacifism. If we had kept before men the full picture of Jesus Christ as Saviour, and also as Judge, we should hear less of that doctrine which seems to teach that the use of force is never justified, that no wrong is to be resisted, and that everything relating to military service is evil and un-Christian.

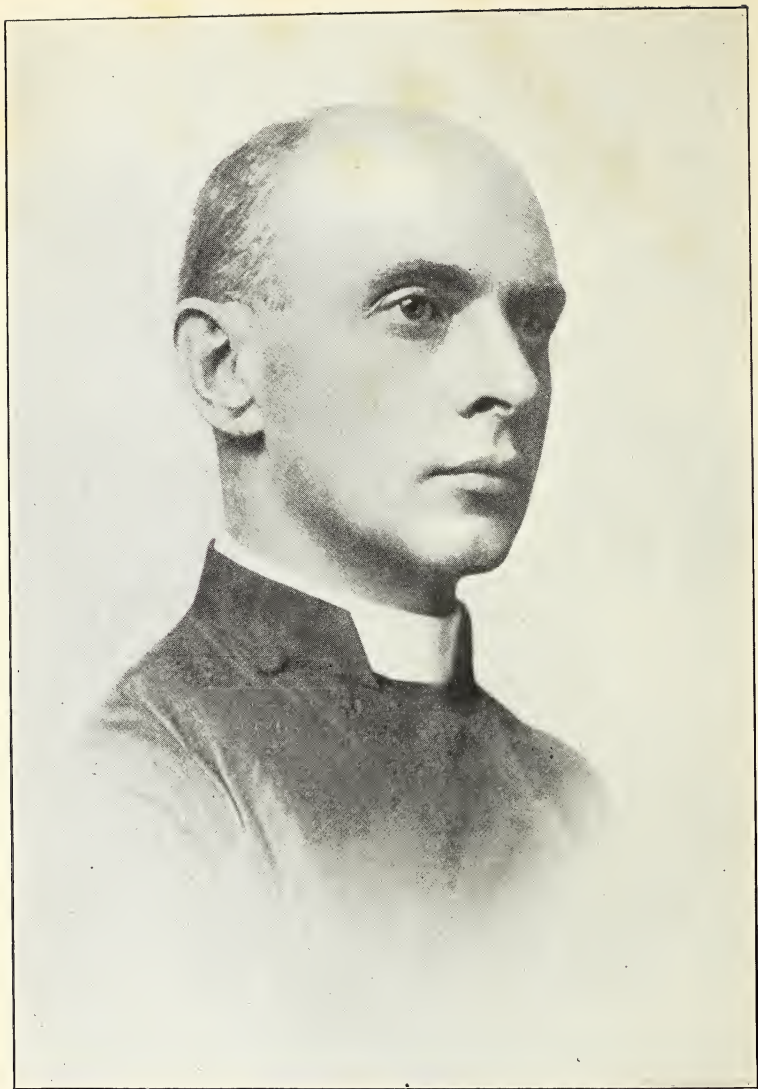
We must preach to men the full Gospel. We must preach the Gospel of Salvation by the Cross, of Sin and Punishment, of Divine Justice and Eternal Judgment.

The ultra pacifist doctrine rests back in a misconception of God. The God in Whom we believe, Whom Jesus Christ reveals to us, is not a God only of gentleness and love. He is a God also of wrath who overthrows evil, Who requires righteousness and Who punishes sin.

And the call that our nation needs at this present time is the call to stand for righteousness, to bear clear witness for the truth, to follow Him Who counted not His life dear unto Himself, even though this should lead us, as it led Him, to the Cross.

May we as a people desire, in this day of the world's tragedy, not first that America shall be prosperous, not first that America shall be kept out of difficulty, but first, and above all else, that America shall do right, and bear her true high part in the world, whatever the consequences may be.

And may this parish of St. Peter's be ever, as it has been from its foundation, a faithful witness for that Sacramental religion of the Holy Catholic Church which brings men into the living presence of Jesus Christ, which leads them to know Him as He is, and which fills them with desire, at whatever cost, to stand with Him.



REV. CHARLES CONANT HARRIMAN
Rector since 1912

The Rector's Sermon

*Preached at the concluding service on Sunday, November 26,
1916, by the Rev. Charles C. Harriman*

And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our Faith.—*St. John* 1, 5:4.

It is granted to few institutions to record a career of two hundred years of activity and service. That has been the happy experience of St. Peter's this past week. And I want to take this opportunity to express my gratitude and appreciation to you, my dear parishioners, without whose sympathetic support and active co-operation this anniversary could not have been observed in the helpful, dignified and devotional spirit which has characterized it.

During the week you have listened to several sermons and various addresses. And partly because the ear becomes wearied with listening and the mind dulled by too much speaking, but rather more because I want this last service to be one of worship on your part rather than of sermonizing on mine, I shall make this last address both simple and short.

Others have sketched for you in outline the story of the early beginnings of this Parish and have traced the onward progress of St. Peter's Church, event by event and year by year in golden colors, as it were, on a seemingly white background. It was only our own dear Bishop who dared to point out to us that on the frame of time, in which we see the picture of the history of this dear, old church, there are stains and dust, the stains of blood of battles lost, the dust of noble purposes and ambitions dead ! Truly, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." It was the same then in early days, as now. The past was no more perfect than the present. Yet this is the glory of the earlier time and the promise of the future out of the failures of the past,—that out of the seed that has been sown year

in and year out for two centuries, as men have come and men have gone, and human life has lingered here for a while but to pass on, the resulting harvest is one of wheat and not of tares. The mistakes of the past today are forgiven and forgotten, the good lives on !

And these good things, these achievements of which we speak with pride, these spiritual victories which have established for St. Peter's its character, and these noble lives which have made real to us the Communion of Saints, we shall find, when we come to review carefully our history, were all the result of a faith, simple but great, a faith apostolic in character and of the nature of that which is alluded to in the text as "a faith that overcometh even the world."

What we really thank God for at the time of this great anniversary is not for a record without a blemish, a past without a stain, not simply for a long and interesting history, not simply for the men of note and activity who have stood in this pulpit and given to it power and prestige, not for those prominent in business, professional, and social life who have sat here in this congregation year after year, but rather for those Parish ancestors of ours who were particularly men and women of faith, possessed with a dominating consciousness of God and a sense of their personal responsibility to Him.

Read again the history of St. Peter's Church with this thought in mind and you will see the glory of its past and the promise of its future is wrapped up in the mystery of faith, that personal Christian faith, that faith of which Charles Wesley spoke when he said: "Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, and looks to that alone; laughs at impossibilities, and cries it shall be done !" The touchstone of that Christian faith was the Cross. The true expression of that faith was seen in childlike obedience to a Heavenly Father, who had been revealed through Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son ! And in that faith, remember, the foundation was laid on which it is given us to build.

Dear friends, it is not a very difficult task for one to unveil the past or even to interpret it. It is a difficult thing to forecast the future. And yet of one thing I feel sure—unless there is in us the same real vital, personal

faith in Christ, which has made possible our past we have little, if any hope, of a future. Emerson has said, "All great ages have been ages of belief." I think that is true. Certainly it is true that the life-giving power of the Christian Church has always depended on this living and personal faith in the Christ of Whom the Church is an expression.

"Faith opens the way for understanding, disbelief closes it," St. Augustine says. And it is only the Christian faith that has opened the human heart to an understanding of God. Through faith in Jesus Christ, as God's Son, humanity alone has learned the meaning of suffering, the necessity of sacrifice, the power of sympathy, the glory of love, and the full value of the individual soul. Only in a belief in the Incarnation has man realized that his life is united to that of God, and in the Atonement that God and man are made one in purpose and will. Without such faith in Christ the Church degenerates into a mere ethical and social institution, without motive power or spiritual force, and its disintegration becomes only a question of time.

There is a cry today that the Church shall readapt and readjust herself to modern times and needs. There is a complaint that her services are too inelastic, that she is out of sympathy and touch with the great majority who carry on the real work of the world. The Church is urged to do this and to do that, things pertaining solely to the secular and social life of those to whom she seeks to minister. These needs may be real, and the complaint just, but the first and essential duty of the Church, I take it, is to awaken and keep alive the consciousness of God in the minds and hearts of every one of her children.

To fail to do that spells for the Church disaster and disgrace. Yet that is the danger which confronts the Church today. There was a time when people read their Bibles regularly, had family prayers, or made a practice of reading books of devotion, and indulged very much in the discussion of religious subjects, creating for themselves not only convictions of a religious nature but a life that was truly religious in character. Not so today. The atmosphere is intensely practical. It takes a stretch of the imagination

to realize even the significance of ideality. The demands made upon the human mind and human heart are exacting and exhausting, there is little to stimulate the spirit of reverence and devotion; the spiritual energy of the individual is dissipated and lost in the search of strange gods, and even the thinking Church seems to have difficulty in concentrating its thought on God and making Him real to the men and women of today.

What is to be done? Our only hope and salvation is this personal consciousness of God. But how are we to arouse and maintain this sensitiveness of the soul that makes it capable of hearing and responding to the "small voice" of God, trying to make itself felt today in a world so full of discord and so out of touch with the peace and perfect love we know to be His, as He is revealed to us in the Christ.

There is no legislation of the Church that can accomplish this; there is no order of service the Church may provide that will do this; there is no program of militant socialism, no appeal to man's fighting instincts, even in the cause of righteousness, that will enable the mind of man to know the heart of the living God. There is only one way. It must be by an act of faith supported by the will. The way of the saints, apostles, martyrs! It must be by taking the Christ at his own valuation and by giving oneself in loyal, personal, allegiance to Him.

The weakness in our position today is that we acknowledge with our lips, but fail to show in our lives, that early, simple, child-like faith in Jesus Christ as God's own Son and our personal Saviour. It was that which gave those early apostles not only their consciousness of God but the power to move the world.

Yet, while there are those within this Parish to whom the approval of their conscience, in their love and worship of the Christ, is more to be sought than any other thing life has to offer, I, for one, will never fear that St. Peter's Church will fail to meet all the legitimate demands of the present or future that can be made upon it.

Oh, my friends, this is my thought this morning. I feel it would be a shame, a disgrace, to let this Anniversary

pass by in the mere glorification of what has been or what may yet be in promise.

The only asset the Church ever has had or will have is the life of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in the hearts of those who represent Him!

Today the pulse of that life in the Church at large is low. It is not God's fault. It is not wholly the fault of the men and women of today. It is the natural result of yielding too easily to the temptations of our environment and of life as we must live it today, in disregarding the "small, still voice" of God which is trying to make itself heard against unprecedented odds. And, because that is so, I urge you in this psychological moment of a great anniversary when it has been permitted you to realize the value of this personal faith in Christ, to conclude the celebration with a supreme act of worship. In all humility and lowliness of heart I urge you on your knees to lay bare your souls to the living God, to beseech Him with all sincerity and earnestness of heart to cleanse your minds of unworthy motives and unholy ambitions; I urge you to strive by sheer act of the human will to reestablish that relationship with God through Christ that will make that faith yours—that apostolic faith which, wherever it has been given an honest chance, has proved itself able to "overcome the world."

And as I urge you to do, so I pray:

O God, give me the strength, the wisdom, the grace to lead my people aright. O God, open the hearts of my people that the love and truth and life of the Christ may enter in. O God, let not this anniversary pass simply with a demand upon the memory and aspiration, but help us to consecrate it by an act of the will so that we ourselves may be taken up into the mystery of time through our association with the Eternal, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

